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A WISH.

BY F. N. A.

May your eyes be strange to weeping,
Lady fair,
And your heart find worthy keeping
In love's care.

May the storms of life be gentle as you pass,
Fate's gifts to know;
And a mint of joys for mem'ry you amass
As you go.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED).

THE morning—the wedding morning—was as bright and even brilliant as a real summer morning can be—when it likes; and the sun shone on the soft traveling dress—which was to be her wedding dress as well—as bravely as if it had been white satin itself.

All the way down to Selton, Blair looked at her with the loving, wistful admiration of a bridegroom, and seemed never tired of telling her that she was all that was beautiful and lovable.

Austin had gone into a smoking-car and left them to themselves, but when the train pulled up at Selton he came to the door.

"Are we going to walk?" asked Blair.

"No, there is a cab," said Austin; and he led them to it quietly and got them inside.

Blair laughed.

"Poor old Austin! Upon my word, I think he enjoys all this mystery! He'd make a first-rate conspirator, wouldn't he? I say, he was right about the place, though, wasn't he? It is dead and alive!"

Margaret looked through the window. There were a few scattered cottages, one solitary farm, and at a little distance, half hidden among the trees was the old dilapidated church.

"It is quiet," she said, "but it is very pretty."

"Quiet!" and he laughed. "I'd no idea there were such spots near London! Austin must have had some trouble finding such an out of the way place!"

And he spoke truly. Mr. Ambrose had taken a great deal of trouble.

The cab drove up to the church door, and Austin got down from the box.

"You need not wait," he said to the cabman, "we are going to take a stroll through the church. It looks interesting."

The cabman pocketed his fare—the exact fare—and concluding that they were sightseeing, drove speedily off.

"Come along," said Austin, in a matter-of-fact fashion, and they followed him.

But the door was locked, and there was no sign of parson, or clerk, or pew-opener.

Austin bit his lip, then laughed.

"I know where the old fellow lives," he said; "I'll rout him out."

He went to a little ivy-grown cottage just outside the churchyard, and presently returned with the ancient clerk.

"Mornin', miss; mornin', sir," he said, touching his battered old beaver. "I begs ten thousand pardons, but I quite forgot as how there was a weddin' this mornin'; but I dessay the parson have recollected. Howsomever, I'll open the church," and he unlocked the door and signed for them to enter.

Margaret trembling clung a little closer to Blair's arm, and he murmured a few words of encouragement.

"Hang it, Austin!" he said aside; "it scarcely seems as if we were going to be married. It only wants a hearse——"

Austin laughed.

"Nonsense. It is just what you want. They have forgotten you are to be married, and they'll forget it half-an-hour after it is over. Here is the parson; I did his memory an injustice!"

The old gentleman came shuffling up the porch and blinked at them over his spectacles.

"Good-morning, Mr. Stanley," he said.

Blair stared, then, remembering that that was the name he had arranged to assume, returned the greeting.

The pew-opener, an ancient dame, with a "front" slipping down nearly to her nose, now made her appearance, and the small party went into the church.

The clerk assisted the clergyman into his surplice and got out the register, and Blair, pressing Margaret's hand, walked up to the altar.

Austin paused a moment before accompanying, and whispered to Margaret:

"You will take care not to address either of us by name?"

She made a motion of assent, and, pale and trembling, followed with the pew-opener and the clerk.

The service began. It was scarcely audible; at times the old clergyman was taken with a cough that threatened to shake him, and the book he held, and, indeed, the church itself, into pieces, but he struggled through it; and in a few minutes Margaret found herself leaning upon Blair's arm, and heard him murmur—with what intensity of love!—

"My wife!"

"Now, if you'll sign the book," said the clerk. "Lemme see; what is the name!" and he peered at the license.

"Here is the name!" said Austin. "It is rather a long one, and I've written it out," and he handed him a slip of paper.

Blair, to whom the remainder of the formalities was *caviare*, was bending over Margaret at a little distance, and buttoning her gloves.

"Ah! yes! ahem! thank you!" said the clerk. "Now, if you will sign, please."

They signed, the old clergyman peering down at them with a benign and utterly senile smile.

He had never heard of Lord Ferrers or of Lord Leyton, and this string of names might belong to some shopkeeper's assistant for all he knew or cared; but he did inquire for the license.

"I put it in the book," said Austin.

He had got it in his pocket.

"Oh, very well! Yes, thank you! Well, I trust you will be happy, young couple; yes, with all my heart. You have got a beautiful morning. And where are you going to spend your honeymoon?"

"In France," said Austin blandly. "So we must hurry away. Good-morning, sir;" and slipping their fees into the hands of parson, clerk and pew-opener, he made for the door.

The churchyard was still deserted. A child played on the old doorstep of one of the cottages, and an old woman with a basket was sitting on the churchyard stile, but there were no other people about, and Margaret let down her veil to hide the tears that glistened in her eyes.

"My wife!" said Blair again. "George! I can scarcely believe it is true!"

He looked round with a half-dazed glance; but it changed to one of happiness and triumph as he drew her arm within his and pressed it to his side.

"Yes, you are man and wife," said Austin, "and I echo the good old clergyman's wish, 'May you be very happy,'" and he held out his hand.

Blair seized it and wrung it.

"Thank you, Austin," he said simply, but with a ring of deep feeling in his voice. "You have been a true friend to us both, eh, Madge?" and he passed the hand on to her.

She took it and looked at the owner. Then suddenly she started and drew back. For a moment—in his secret exultation—Mr. Ambrose had been off his guard, and there shone a light in his eyes that almost betrayed him.

It was gone again in an instant, however, and with the pleasant, friendly smile, he pressed Margaret's hand.

"We mustn't try her too much, my dear Blair!" he said. "It has been an exciting morning! Would you like to rest, or will you go on, Lady Leyton? There is just time to catch the train."

Margaret started. Lady Leyton!

Blair laughed.

"Margaret doesn't know her own name!" he said. "Which will you do, my lady?"

"Let us go on," she murmured.

A desire that was almost absorbing possessed her—the longing to get rid of Mr. Ambrose. It was very ungrateful, but so it was.

"All right," said Blair.

They walked to the station. As Austin had said, there was just time to catch the down train to Devon, and in a few minutes it came puffing up.

A faithful friend to the last, Austin got them a carriage, and tipped the guard.

"Good-bye," he said, standing on the step, and waving his hand; "good-bye, and Heaven bless you!" and there seemed to be something really like tears in his voice.

And, indeed, he was paler than usual as he walked up and down the platform, waiting for the train to London.

Sometimes our very success frightens us.

The train reached Waterloo pretty punctually, and Mr. Ambrose sprang out, and got into a cab.

"Drive to No. 9 Anglesea Terrace," he said.

* * * * * *

It was a week after Margaret's wedding in the mouldy and dilapidated old church at Selton, and she and Lord Blair—she and her husband!—were sitting on the cliff at Appleford looking out upon the sea, which lay at their feet like a level opal glistening in the rays of the morning sun.

The history of those seven days might be epitomized in three words—They were happy!

Happy with the happiness that few mortals experience. Lord Blair had been in love before his marriage, but he was—and believe me, dear reader, what I am going to state is not too common—more in love now, after these seven days, than before.

Margaret was not a girl of whom even the most fickle of mankind could tire easily, and Blair was not the most fickle.

He had often declared that his Madge, as he delighted to call her, was an angel; he married the angel, and discovered that she was a lovely and lovable woman, and I make bold to say—that for sublunary purposes—that is better, from a husband's point of view than an angel.

"With each rising sun some fresh charm comes to view," says the poet; and Lord Blair found it so with Margaret.

Some pretty women are dolls; Margaret was a girl of sense and intelligence; accomplished, witty, an artist. Imagine, my dear reader, what it would be to have such a being for one's own, for one's wife!

Now, happiness is a good thing. It is the thing all men all their lives are hunting for, and when they get it, which is seldom, it acts like an elixir; it brings them back their youth, if they have lost it; or, if they are still young, it gilds it with a gold that is divine.

Under the spell, the witchery of her presence, Lord Blair seemed to grow younger, handsomer, more taking, and to Margaret more charming. Oh, why cannot such epochs last forever, until they glide unconsciously into that eternity where all is love and happiness?

On this morning Blair lay stretched at her feet, near enough to be able to touch her hand, to put his arm round her waist. He was dressed in his flannels, she in a plain dress of some soft, comfortable material which, while it showed the deliciously graceful outlines of her figure, enabled her to move freely and without hindrance.

The light of love and happiness played like sunlight on her beautiful face, and glowed star-like in her eyes, which had rested on the glorious view, and now sought her husband's—and lover's—face.

"Madge," he said, after a long silence, during which he puffed at his pipe, "I am going to pay you a big and an awful compliment, and yet it's true—you are the only woman I ever met who didn't bore me!"

"In-deed!" she said, flashing a smile upon him which seemed like a sunbeam.

"It's true!" he said, with lazy emphasis. "Some women are pretty, and are content with that, and think it's good enough for you to sit and look at them; others are clever, and consider that if they talk and you listen it's all right. But you!—why, you are the loveliest woman I know, and you are the cleverest! Madge, dear, I have no right to get the whole thing like this! There are so many better men who deserve it more than I do!"

Margaret laughed.

"We don't get our deserts, Blair," she said. "You, for instance, might have married a dragon of propriety, who would keep you in order by the terror of her eye; or a plain heiress, who could bring you a large fortune to waste—anything but a foolish girl, who has no money and no family to bless herself with. There's that boat again! Where is it going?" she broke off.

He raised himself on his elbow indolently.

"That is the Days' boat," he said drowsily. "I don't know where it is going. Fishing, I suppose."

"They can't fish on this tide," said Margaret, who, though she had been only a week in Appleford, had learned more about its ways and habits than Blair would have gleaned in a year.

"No!" he said carelessly. "I can't quite make these Days out. They let us these lodgings, and they make us very comfortable, but I've a kind of feeling that they have some other way of getting their living that I don't understand. Now, why should he go out to sea this morning if he is not going fishing?"

"The ways of Appleford are mysterious," said Margaret, with a laugh, "and it would take a clever man to fathom them."

"Austin, for instance," he said, drawing a little nearer so that he could take her hand.

A slight cloud crossed Margaret's brow.

"I don't know that Mr. Ambrose even would fathom them," she said. "But I have discovered one thing, Blair;" and she laughed softly.

"What's that, dear?" he asked.

"Why, that smuggling is not the extinct profession it is generally considered to be!"

"Smuggling!" Blair exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes, said Margaret. "I am certain that it is carried on here, and I have a shrewd suspicion that the landlord, Mr. Day, is engaged in it."

"Nonsense, Madge!" he said. "What a romantic child you are!"

"But my romance lies within reach of my hand," she murmured, touching his

lips with her forefinger and receiving the inevitable kiss. "But I am sure of it. On Thursday night—do you remember how it blew?—no, you were fast asleep! Well, the wind woke me, and I went to the window to close it. And as I stood there I heard Day and his son talking outside. They, of course, thought themselves unheard, or they wouldn't have spoken so loudly."

"And what did they say?" Blair asked smiling.

"I did not hear all of their talk, but I caught some of it. There were words spoken about 'kegs' and 'brandy' and 'tobacco.' That I am sure of."

Blair laughed.

"Nonsense, darling, you dreamt it!" he said.

Margaret smiled.

"Perhaps so, but it was a very life-like dream then, and to put a touch of reality to it, I saw a keg of something—spirits or tobacco—in the kitchen the next morning. I asked Mrs. Day what it was, and she said 'Water.' But there is a capital well just outside the door!"

"Upon my word you would make a first-class detective, Madge!" said Lord Blair, with a laugh, in which she joined.

"Should I not? I had a great mind to ask Mrs. Day to let me have a glass of the water, but I felt that if I were right, the consequences would be too embarrassing."

"I should think so," said Blair. "And you imagine that Day and his son are going on a smuggling expedition now?" and he looked at the boat dancing on the waves beneath them.

Margaret nodded.

"Yes, I do!" she replied lightly. "I think that presently Mr. Day, with his little boat, will meet one of those rakish-looking crafts in the offing there, and then the rakish-looking craft—isn't that the proper nautical phrase?——"

"First-rate!" he said languidly. "You would make your fortune as a novelist, Madge!"

—"Will put a couple of small barrels on board of Day's boat," she said, pinching his ear tenderly. "Day will wait until the tide turns, and then, it being dark, will sail into Appleford harbor with a cargo of fish—and the two barrels. No one will suspect him, least of all the merry and comfortable coastguard; and those two barrels, after resting there for a night, will be sent off to Exeter—or somewhere else!"

Lord Blair laughed with indolent enjoyment.

"Bravo!" he said. "Well, Austin is better than his word. He said Appleford was pretty, but he didn't add that it possessed all the charms you credit it with."

Once more the faint cloud crossed Margaret's happy face.

"Have you heard from him?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, this came this morning. I didn't read it through. Austin writes such awfully long letters. Read it yourself, darling, and tell me what it's all about."

Margaret read it.

"There is not much," she said. "He says that no one suspects what—what we did at Sefton, and that he has told everyone that you have gone abroad."

Blair laughed.

"Trust Austin to keep a thing secret," he said. "He is the best man in the world at this sort of thing. Now, I should blare out the whole story to the first man I met; but Austin! Oh! Austin could keep his lips shut till he died!"

Margaret looked out to sea, and sighed.

"Now, what does that mean?" he demanded instantly. "Are you tired? Would you like to go indoors? Are you—unhappy?"

She laughed slowly and softly.

"I think I am too happy!" she said, in a low voice. "Blair, it seems to me sometimes as if there were something wicked in being so happy! We are told, you know, that there is no real happiness in this world, and that joy cannot last. If it is true, then—then——" she let her lovely eyes rest upon him doubtfully.

"Nonsense, my darling!" he retorted. "Don't believe it! We were all meant to be happy, but some of us have missed the way. I know what is the matter with you."

"What?" she demanded, her fingers clinging to his lovingly.

"Why, you feel strange without your work. You are an artist, don't you know; and you haven't touched a brush for—well, for seven days. That's bad for you. Oh, I know! I am a simple idiot, but I understand all about this sort of thing. You want to paint. Well, do it!" and he threw himself back with a confident air.

Margaret laughed.

"If I wanted to paint over so much," she said, "I couldn't; I haven't any materials. No color, no canvas——"

He raised himself on his elbow.

"Oh, that's an easy matter; we can get all that at Ilfracombe. I'll go and get them; it's only a walk—or I can take the boat."

Margaret stopped him with a gesture of curiosity.

"Blair, there is that woman I spoke to you about last night," she said; "there, on that rock."

"What woman?" he asked, without moving.

"That young woman dressed in mourning," said Margaret. "I have seen her three times. I think she must be a widow."

"Oh," he said lazily; "I daresay. Well, about these said drawing materials. I'll walk into Ilfracombe, and get them. No; you sha'n't go. It is too hot and you will get a headache."

"And do you think I will let you go to all that trouble to gratify a whim which you have fastened upon me, you silly boy? Seriously, Blair—don't bother!"

"But that is just what I mean to do," he said. "I don't want you to be bored, even for a moment; and I should feel happier, myself if I could see you with your beloved paints and turpentine. You shall make a sketch of Appleford—and we will hang it up wherever we go, and look at it when we are quiet old, so that we may remember that we were 'too happy,' eh, Madge?" and he put his arm round her and kissed her.

At this moment Mrs. Day, the landlady came from the cottage behind them. She was still a young woman, and her appearance was rather above that of the ordinary Appleford fisherwives. She had an intelligent face that rather impressed one.

Margaret had taken to her at once, and for Margaret Mrs. Day had a warm admiration which expressed itself in her dark eyes and a smile which shone in them when Margaret spoke to her.

Mrs. Day generally had some knitting in her hands, and the needles were glittering in the sunlight as she approached. She had evidently not seen them, for while her hands were busy her eyes were fixed on the boat, which was gradually making its way across the bay.

Suddenly she lowered her eyes, and catching sight of her lodgers she started slightly, and, with a quick glance from them to the boat turned to retrace her steps when Blair called to her.

She came up to them with a little bow that was almost a curtsey.

"Sorry to call you back, Mrs. Day," said Blair in his genial manner which won all hearts; "but I want to know the best way to get to Ilfracombe?"

Mrs. Day's needles stopped.

"The boat's out, sir," she said, "or you could have gone by that."

"Yes, I know that she is," and he pointed to it; "Day's going fishing, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Day, promptly and placidly. "There's no train now till the evening, and it's too far for Mrs. Stanley to walk."

"Mrs. Stanley isn't going," said Blair. "I'm going alone."

"Then you could ride, sir," said Mrs. Day; "I could borrow Farmer James' colt, if you cared——"

"The very thing," said Blair at once.

Mrs. Day inclined her head respectfully.

"I'll go and send for it, sir," she said, with the promptness which had struck Margaret as rather uncommon in a woman of Mrs. Day's class.

In about twenty minutes she came back to them.

"The colt is here, sir," she said.

"Mrs. Day, you would make an excellent aid-de-camp," said Blair, with a laugh as he jumped up. "Good-bye, Madge, I shan't be long. I can't bring all the things, but I'll bring some of them, and they shall manage to send the rest."

Margaret put her arm around his neck. Mrs. Day had retired.

"Don't go, Blair," she said, with sudden unexpected earnestness. I don't care about the painting; I would rather——"

"No, no!" he said steadfastly; "you only say that to save me a little trouble, and all the while I'm feeling glad to be able to do something for you, Madge. Trouble; the ride would be rather jolly. I'll tell you what Ilfracombe looks like, and, perhaps you'll feel inclined to tear yourself away from your beloved Appleford, and make an excursion."

Margaret turned her face away. A strange and sudden presentiment had taken possession of her and she was ashamed of it.

"Well, go then!" she said, forcing a laugh; "and if you do not come back, why I shall think Ilfracombe has proved too fascinating."

"All right," he said; "but I think I'll be back by dinner time."

He bent down and kissed her, turning her face up to his with both his hands; and she, ashamed of the feeling which almost compelled her to hold him and bid him stay, forced a smile and playfully pushed him from her.

Blair lit a cigar and got on the colt; it was not a bad horse by any means—at five years old horses are still colts at Appleford—and he praised the animal in his pleasant way to Mrs. Day, who watched him mount and ride away, humming an air from "Madame Favart" between the puffs of tobacco smoke.

At the corner of the lane he turned in his saddle and looked around for a last glance at Madge—his wife, his darling—and was rewarded by a wave of her white hand.

"Now my young friend," he said, addressing the colt, who was rather frisky, "have your little game by all means, but when its over let's get on; for I'm anxious to get back to that young woman on the hill behind there."

CHAPTER XVII.

MARGARET stood until Blair had disappeared, then she sank on to the ground again.

After all it had been foolish of her to let him go, or why had she not gone with him? She had had half an idea that the change would be good for him, it was not wise to keep a man tied to your petticoat though he loved you ever so truly, and so she had given him his liberty. Well, he would come back at dinner time hungry and gay after his ride, and would love her all the more dearly for the short separation.

After a time she put on her hat and went down into the little fishing town, which clustered on the hill rising from a point where the sea and the two rivers met. It was a quaint old town, quite a hundred years behind the rest of the world and the people, fishermen and sailors, were supposed to be rather rough; but they had never been rough to her, had never failed in that rustic courtesy which springs from the heart and is much better than the imitation which is manufactured so cleverly in towns.

Madge had got fond of the place and the people; we always think well of a place where we experience our first great happiness. She liked to see the children running about the beach with their bare feet and uncovered heads; to stop and exchange a few words with the mothers and the elder daughters, standing about their doors with the eternal knitting needles clicking and clicking.

She even ventured a word or two with the men, lying or lounging on the quay in their blue jerseys and white ducks, and she thought, as she walked along with her quick little step, that she would paint a couple of pictures of Appleford and send them to the Academy, and call them—well, "The Abode of Bliss," or "The Earthly Paradise."

She wandered to the beach and stood there awhile, the women looking at her with a smile, the children gazing up at her as they drew near with that frank admiration for her beauty which did not always confine itself to looks, for she heard one child say to another—

"That be pretty maiden from London, that be!"

An old man was seated on a upturned boat, mending a net, and Margaret, feeling lonely, gave him good evening.

"Good-evening, miss," said the old man, touching a wisp of white hair that shone like snow against his tanned face. "Be 'ee going out for a sail?"

"No," said Margaret. "I am only strolling about."

He nodded approvingly.

"Well, you be wise. Better on land, miss. We're going to have a shift in the weather."

Margaret looked at the cloudless sky and smiled at him with gentle incredulity; the old man shook his head.

"Oh, it be bright as a new penny now miss, surely," he said smiling back, "but it bean't going to last. There's a wisp in the wind that threatens a storm. It'ull come before night; a tough un too."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Margaret "There are some boats out at sea. Will it be safe?"

"There bean't many," said the old man.

"Mr. Day's boat has gone," Margaret said.

"Aye," he returned slowly, and he looked steadily at his net. "She'll be safe now. She's a stiff un, and used to rough weather, miss," and he laughed. "We always have it rough a'most when there'as high strong tide, and it's very high to-night. You see that rock, miss?" and he pointed to a dark mass that rose on a line at a little distance from them. "Well, the tide will cover that rock to-night. People won't allus believe it. There was a gentleman and a lady as was washed off that rock two years agone; they thought themselves safe enow, and was up there to watch the tide come in; they never saw it go out!" and he chuckled grimly.

Margaret suddered.

"Do you mean they were drowned?" she said.

"I'specta," he replied; "leastways they were never seen again."

"But I thought people who were drowned always came back again?" said Margaret.

He shook his head.

"Not hereabouts, miss. There's sands here, miss, as is onreliable and hungary as wild beasts; things they get hold off they sticks to."

Margaret not being desirous of continuing this cheerful conversation, wish him good-day and turned towards the cottage on the cliff.

Luncheon was laid in the neat little room, and she took off her hat and light jersey jacket and sat down with a wee little sadness. It was the first time she had sat down to a meal without Blair since their marriage; and Blair was a person likely to make his loss felt.

The little room seemed desolate without his light, musical voice and his quick, ready laugh.

Margaret looked round cheerlessly and thought she wouldn't have any lunch, then she felt ashamed of her weakness, and dreading the look of surprise and astonishment with which Mrs. Day would be sure to view the untouched meal, forced herself to make a "pretending" lunch.

And as she chased a minute piece of fish round her plate with a fork and slice of bread, she fell to thinking of her great happiness, and the difference it had and would make in her life.

She was Blair's wife! Soon all the world would know it, and they would be drawn away from this quiet spot, which was like a placid pool in the whirling river—they would be drawn into the vortex, and be one of the giddy, rushing throng. If they could only always remain serene and happy outside the tumult of the great world!

How surprised everybody would be. The earl, her grandmother, her old companions at the art school. She could almost see her grandmother weeping and laughing over her with loving pride.

Then she sighed. With all Blair's flattery she felt so unfit to be a grand lady, a viscountess who would some day wear the Ferrers' coronet.

"If we could only stay as we are," she thought, girl like. "It is Blair I want, not the title or the money. I would rather live with him here until we die, than be mistress of Leyton Court. What a pity it is he is not a fisherman! I could have knitted his jerseys and stockings, mended his nets, and cooked his dinner in time, but to learn to play the part of viscountess!—oh, it frightens me a little!"

But she laughed even as she sighed. For, after all, would not Blair be at her side to guide and protect her, and envelope her with his great strong love!

She got up and went to the window, and as she did so she picked up a pipe of Blair's and kissed it, though the caress was followed by a grimace.

There were still some long hours to be got through before Blair and happiness came home to dinner, and she was thinking rather disconsolately of another walk when the door opened and Mrs. Day entered.

"There is a lady to see you, ma'am," she said, hesitatingly.

"A lady to see me!" said Margaret with surprise, then thinking that it might be one of the residents, who had come to pay her the compliment of a call, she said quickly:

"Oh, I am very sorry. Will you say I am not at home, please, Mrs. Day? But are you sure she wishes to see me—it is so unlikely."

"Yes, she wants to see you, ma'am. She said Mrs. Stanley quite distinctly. And its no use saying not at home, because she saw you at the window."

Margaret smiled at the unsophistication which was not familiar with the conventional white lie.

"By not at home I mean that I don't want to see her," she said. "She will understand, I think, Mrs. Day."

"Very well, ma'am," said Mrs. Day and she went out. She was back again in a couple of minutes, however.

"The lady says she has come a great distance on purpose to see you, and begs that you will see her, if only for five minutes, ma'am," she said.

Margaret changed color. Could it be her grandmother?"

"Is—is it an old lady?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, quite young I should think; she has kept her veil down. I'll send her away if you like, ma'am; after all, she sha'n't bother you if you don't want to see her, though she be so pleading!"

The last words decided Margaret—and sealed her fate.

"Oh—well—then, I will see her," she said reluctantly.

"She's in the parlor, ma'am" said Mrs. Day, still hesitating.

And Margaret, after that glance in the glass without which no woman ever goes to meet another, passed into the little passage. But she paused, even with her hand on the door.

After all, it was only some stranger come to beg a subscription to one of the local charities; and yet she had come from a distance! Determining to get rid of her as soon as possible—for she knew that Blair would not wish her to see anyone—she opened the door and entered the room.

A woman—Margaret's quick eyes saw at a glance that she was young—was seated with her back to the window. She was dressed very simply, and yet tastefully, in clothes that were almost, if not quite mourning, and she wore a veil.

As Margaret entered, a faint color mounting in her lovely face, the visitor gave a scarcely perceptible start, either of surprise or admiration, and the hand that held her sunshade trembled.

"Do you wish to see me?" asked Margaret, in her musical voice, which seemed to affect the visitor as her face had done.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, which seemed to keep steady by a palpable effort. "You are—Mrs. Stanley?"

The color grew a little deeper in Margaret's cheeks, and her lids fell a little; but she said quietly:

"Yes; I am Mrs. Stanley."

Thereupon the visitor raised her veil, and Margaret saw a face that was pretty, and would have been girlish, but for its pallor and the lines which had been impressed upon it either by sorrow or sickness.

When she raised her veil she let her hands drop into her lap, and clasped them tightly and nervously, and her lips quivered.

Margaret remained standing, but the visitor sank into the seat from which she had risen, as if unable to stand.

"You—you will wonder—you will be surprised at my—my presence," she began, then she broke off and clutched at her dress nervously. "Oh, how can I go on? Bear with me, I beseech you! Be patient with me, I implore!"

Margaret looked down at her with surprise that slowly melted to pity.

"I am afraid you are in some trouble," she said gently, and Margaret's voice, when it was gentle, was compounded of the music which is said to disarm savage breasts.

It seemed to affect the pale-faced girl strangely. She caught her breath and appeared to wince.

"I am in great trouble," she said. "You cannot tell, you will never know what it has cost me to come to you. But—but it is my only chance!"

She paused to gain breath, and Margaret sank into a chair, and wondered how much she might venture to offer her. She had all the money the earl had given her for her pictures, and some other savings besides. Of course it was pecuniary trouble.

"I am very, very sorry," she said, "and if I can help you——"

"You can, and you only!" said the girl.

"Will you tell me——" murmured Margaret.

"Yes, yes, I will!" she broke in; "but give me a minute, give me time, Mrs. Stanley. I will tell you my story. If it should fail to touch your heart—but it will not; I see by your face that you have a kind heart, that, though it might be led astray, would not do a fellow-creature a helpless woman like yourself, a deadly injury."

Margaret stared at her, then turned pale. That the woman was mad she had now not a doubt; and she not unnaturally, glanced at the door.

The girl seemed to divine her intentions and suspicions, for she put out her hand pleadingly.

"No, I am not mad! You think so now; but you will see presently that I am not! It would be better for me—yes, and for you—if I were! Heaven help us both!"

She panted so and looked so faint that Margaret half rose. There was a carafe of water and a glass on a small table near her, and the girl caught at it and filled the glass, but in lifting it to her lips she spilt some, her hand shaking like an aspen leaf.

"I will try to be calm!" she said, as Margaret took the glass from her. "Mrs. Stanley, I am a poor and friendless girl. I was a governess in a gentleman's family—I am not a lady by birth, but I had struggled hard to qualify myself—and I did my duty and was"—her voice broke—happy! Once a gentleman came to visit the family. He was young and handsome; he was more than that, he was gentle and kind to the girl who felt herself much alone in the world. He used to come to the schoolroom, and sit and talk at the children's tea, with them, and with me. I thought there was no harm in it. I did not guess it was me he came to see until one day he told me—all suddenly—that he loved me!"

She panted and paused, and moistened her lips, keeping her dark eyes fixed on Margaret's face.

Margaret listened with gentle patience and sympathy, feeling however, that there was some dreadful mistake, and that the girl had mistaken her for someone else.

"I did not know how it was with me until he spoke those words, but when he had said them they seemed to show me my own heart, and I knew I loved him in return. Mrs. Stanley, I was not a wicked girl! No! I did not wish to do wrong, and I told him that he must go, and never see me, or speak to me so again, or that I must leave the place that had become a home to me."

"Poor girl!" murmured Margaret unconsciously.

The girl started, looked slightly—very slightly—confused, as a child does when it is interrupted in the middle of its lesson, then, with a heavy sigh, went on:

"But he would not listen to me; he said that he loved me as an honest girl should be loved! I fought against him and my own heart day after day, but he was too strong, and my love made me weak, and though he was rich and powerful, and I knew I was not fit to be his wife, I consented to marry him."

She stopped and eyed her listener.

Margaret, a little pale, but still wondering gently opened the window to give her some air.

"Would you like to wait—let me get you some wine?" she murmured.

"No, no! I must go on while I have strength—while you will consent to listen! We were married secretly because he did he did not wish his powerful relatives to know anything of the marriage for awhile, and his prospects might be brighter. We were married"—she sighed—"and I was happy—oh, so happy!" and the tears ran down her cheeks and she hid her face in her handkerchief. "We had a pretty little cottage near London, and my husband seemed as happy as I was. He never wanted to leave my side; and so it went on for months, until—until"—she paused and panted—"until one day my husband left me—he said to see his relatives and find out if he could break it to them. He came back silent and moody, and he went away all next day. Soon he stayed away for days, then weeks, and at last he left me altogether."

Margaret uttered an inarticulate cry of pity and sympathy and indignation.

"No, no; do not blame him!" said the girl. "It was not altogether his fault! He was light-hearted and—and fickle by nature, and it was her fault as much as his!"

"Hers!" said Margaret.

The girl looked at her with a vague wonder.

"Yes. Have you not guessed? The other woman!"

Margaret's face flushed.

"No!" she said.

"Yes, there was another woman. I discovered it by accident. I saw them together, and knew in an instant why he had left me. She was beautiful, more beautiful than I, and looked a lady, which I never was. And—and it was not wonderful that he should leave me a poor, simple girl——"

"It was wicked, cruelly wicked!" Margaret exclaimed hotly.

The girl sobbed.

"I did not know who she was! She looked good and yet it was her fault! I went home—after seeing them—and waited for him to come that I might tax him with it! But he never came back! He sent me money—but I would not touch it! I had my savings, and I lived on them——"

"That was right!—that was right!" murmured Margaret, her womanly heart all aglow.

"And—and I thought that I could learn to let him go, and live without him! But—but it was too hard a lesson! I could not! You see, I loved him so!"

"Poor girl, poor girl! Oh, he was a villain! You should have——" she stopped short.

"What should I have done? Gone to him and reproached him? Oh, you do not know him! It would have made him hate me, and parted us for ever and ever!"

"The law—there is justice," said Margaret.

The girl shook her head in dull misery.

"No, my pride was too great for that. Besides, I did not want my friends to know how I was treated. There was only one thing to do," and she paused her dark restless eyes fixed themselves covertly on Magaret's face as if she were waiting for a cue.

"What was that," breathed Margaret, bending forward.

"To go to the girl he had deserted me for, to go to her and pray her to let him come to me. He was deceiving her, leading her astray, and she might turn on me and laugh at me. But she looks good, and perhaps, who knew, she might listen to my prayer! She could not love him better than I do, and if she did, she might not be so lost to all shame as to keep him from his wife!"

"No, no! you are right!" said Margaret. "Why do you not go to her?"

"I have come to her!" panted the girl. "Oh, Mrs. Stanley——" but she stopped perforce, for Margaret's open-eyed bewilderment showed that the words were lost upon her.

"You have come?" she said. "Come where—to whom?"

"I have come here, to you!" exclaimed the girl, stretching out her hands. "Oh, dear lady, you are beautiful, ten times more beautiful than I am; but you look good and kind! Have mercy on me and give me back my husband!"

Margaret shrank back, paling a little, but once again convinced that she was in the presence of a mad woman.

Yes, that was the key to the whole scene. The woman was one of those monomaniacs who are possessed by the shadow of an imagined wrong, and had pitched upon her as the person who had injured her! She looked towards the door and half rose, but before she could rise from her chair, the girl threw herself on her knees before her, and caught at her dress.

"You do not believe me! You would spurn me! Oh, dear lady, listen to me! Do not turn from me! Think of my great wrong, my broken heart. You think you love him—but remember me! I am his wife! His wife—while you—ah, you have no claim on him! Besides, he has wronged you as cruelly almost as he has wronged me! Do not hesitate—dear, dear lady; have pity on me and let him come back to me!" she cried, sobbing now bitterly.

Margaret tried to jerk her dress from the clinging hands, but they held on a little too tightly.

"You—you are mad!" she said at last in a low voice, which she tried to keep steady. "I do not know you,—I never saw you before! I know nothing of your husband! It's a mistake, all a mistake. Let me go, please, or I shall call someone——"

"No, no! Listen to me, be patient with me!" pleaded the girl. "You do not know me! but I know you, though I only saw you and him together once. It was up the river. Oh, I should never, never forget you. Oh, be good to me! I am his wife—his wife! You will not, you cannot divide husband and wife!"

"Yes, you are mad!" said Margaret with conviction. "You have never seen me with your husband—never! never! Let go my dress!"

"Yes, you!" sobbed the girl. "Do you think I should make a mistake when all my life hung upon it? I have tried not to mention my husband's name but you force me to do it. He may have tried to hide it from you—it is possible; but you may know it!"

"Yes, tell me," said Margaret soothingly, feeling that it would be well to humor her, "tell me; but let go my dress—you frighten me, please."

"His name is Blair! He is Lord Leyton!" sobbed the girl.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. PAUL (Minn.) young women have an "Orange Peel Club." This club undertakes not only to remove orange peels on the sidewalk—which gives it its name—but all other similar obstructions. And the members not only engage to do this small act of philanthropy, but to themselves refrain from such little thoughtless acts as throwing a banana skin on the sidewalk, no serious transgression in itself, but one that may lead to quite disagreeable results

Bric-a-Brac.

ALLIGATOR EGGS.—The eggs of the alligator are eaten in the West India Islands and the West Coast of Africa. They resemble in shape a hen's egg, but are larger, and have much the same taste. More than a hundred eggs are known to have been in one alligator.

SPANGLES.—Spangles seen in rosettes and other ornaments are a seemingly unimportant trifle, yet they occupy a prominent position in the adornment of many stage costumes. A spangle in the rough is simply a thin piece of copper wire which is placed on an anvil and struck flat by a boxwood hammer. This little disc, multiplied by thousands, and stitched on the Harlequin's dress, gives our mysterious Christmas pantomine much of their dazzling character.

A DAISY.—The word "daisy" was formerly used in the eastern counties of England as an adjective meaning excellent, remarkable—as for instance, "She's a daisy lass to work," meaning "she's a good girl to work"; or "I'm a daisy hand for a pudding," meaning "I eat a good deal of pudding." Here is only another curious example of the fact of what we call "slang" is often only a revival of an old phrase. And the American youngster's "You're a daisy!" is simply old provincial English.

FLAT STONES.—The laying of flat stones over the grave, inscribed with the name and age of the deceased, is a very ancient costume. The poorer people usually place rough stones at the foot and head of the grave in our country churchyards, and it was formerly the fashion to whiten these at the great Church festivals—Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide—as a token of remembrance and of respect to the dead. In some places it was necessary to protect new made graves by covering them with bent osier wands.

HIS INNOCENCE PROVED.—Two men in France took shelter in a barn for the night. In the morning one of them was found dead in bed with severe injury to the head. The comrade was at once arrested and told some "cock and bull" story about the terrible night in question, and attributed his companion's death to the effect of a thunder-bolt. He was not credited, and was in a fair way to be executed for the supposed crime. A scientific gentleman, hearing of the circumstance examined the place, and found a hole in the roof of the barn, and an aerolite close to the spot where the deceased had slept on the night in question. The innocence of the accused was at once considered as established, and he was at once released.

A BIRD SCAVENGER.—The scavenger of Guatemala, is the zopilote or large black buzzard. Every house has two or three of these birds continually watching for kitchen waste and other refuse of the house, and, though they are assisted somewhat by many strange dogs, the people are much indebted to them. Sanitary cautions are disregarded, and these birds have constituted themselves into a street cleaning department, removing all the filth and carrion which would otherwise rot and fester in the sun to breed disease. Swarms of them hover on the outskirts of the town to prey upon dead mules, horses and other animals which are dragged there. A mule's bones will be picked clean in two days, but before the meal commences it must have a rich odor, for, though the buzzard be a gourmand, he is, nevertheless, a gourmet.

GAVE HIS CHECK.—A prosperous countryman who moved to the city lately began to play the man of affluent circumstances, made a deposit of two or three hundred dollars in one of the national banks, received his book, and after ample instructions, went home and settled down to the new enjoyment of paying out cheques instead of cash. No payment that he had to make was too small for the employment of the mystic book, and, as all his disbursements were small, his original deposit was sufficient for his use for a long time. At last one day came a notice from the bank saying that he had overdrawn his account. He went thither in hot indignation, and demanded an explanation. "Didn't I pay my money and get my book, and what do you mean by sending me such a word as this?" The teller explained that no insult was intended, but that Mr. Tool simply owed the bank for an overdraft of fifty dollars. "Very well," said Tool, with dignity: "I'll send you my cheque for the amount;" and away he went to fill up the cheque.

THERE is a German proverb which says that Take-it-Easy and Live-Long are brothers.

BETTER APART!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

If dead the love that used to be,
And heart no longer cleaves to heart,
'Twere better far, for thee and me,
Our pathways should remain apart!
For meeting but engenders pain,
When lives have once asunder grown,
And hush'd the sound of love's refrain
That in the past we made our own.

I know not if the fault be mine,
A fault unknown if one there be,
For I am still for ever thine,
And thou art all the world to me!
O let the truth at once be said,
For hard is such suspense to bear:
Say, is thy love for ever dead,
Or are our hearts as once they were?

For Love or Duty.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS MONEY AND HIS LOVE," "DOLLY'S DISAPPOINTMENT," "KING OR PRINCE?" ETC., ETC."

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

ONE afternoon early in February Juliet opens her eyes, to find her cousin Cecily sitting by her bed.

"Cecily, is that you?" she says feebly, half-startled at the sound of her own voice—so weak and altered is it since she last heard it.

"Yes, my daughter," Cecily answers, bending to kiss her.

"I suppose I have been ill, Cecily, or I should not be here—in bed?"

"Yes, dear; but you are going to get well now."

"Am I?"

She lies silently staring at the opposite wall for some time, while Cecily watches her somewhat anxiously, not liking the look on her face, and yet almost fearing to rouse her. Presently Juliet speaks again.

"This is Compton, Cecily—not Tenham?"

"Yes, my dear. You were taken very ill here, you know, and so here you remained."

"Taken ill? How?"

"We found you leaning back in your chair, darling, unconscious, but I would not trouble about that now if I were you; it is all over now," answers Cecily very gently.

"Leaning back in my chair? Ah, I remember!"

She closes her eyes, while such a deathly pallor overspreads her face that Cecily hastens to administer restoratives and to call the nurse; but in spite of all they can do she suffers a relapse, and for a few days her life again is in danger.

Consciousness again in the following week at about the same hour as before, when Mrs. Ewell has gone downstairs to have tea and a chat with the housekeeper in her cosy room, and Cecily has again installed herself as head-nurse.

"Cecily," says Juliet, suddenly opening her eyes and fixing them upon her cousin's face, "you were here before—did I dream it—when was it?"

"Yes; I am staying here, darling."

"To be with me? You should not do that."

"Would you rather I were not here, dear? Because if so I will go away, and send any one you like."

"No; I like you best. But Burnet—he must want you. Aren't you married now, Cecily? I forget."

"Yes, dear—since October. Burnet is here too. He goes up by rail every morning, and comes back in time for dinner, so you need not be uneasy about him. I can stay with you until you are quite well again. I wanted to come to help nurse you, so Edith asked us both. She is not strong enough to be with you much herself, you know, and Burnet is very useful—it is handy to have a gentleman in the house."

Cecily talks on as long as she can to prevent her charge from exhausting her strength by attempting to talk much; here she comes to a sudden confused stop, not knowing whether Juliet will remember her uncle's death or not.

To her extreme relief Juliet's mind seems perfectly clear with regard to all that has happened lately at Compton.

"Yes," she answers; "you must all miss uncle Phil very much. I shall, I know, if ever I get up again."

"We will do all that we can for you, dear Juliet," answers her cousin gently; "though I am afraid we can never fill his place to you."

"You are very kind, Cecily," is the reply, in tones of quiet despair; "but he was my best, my dearest friend. I am alone in the world now."

Cecily pities her with a sudden tender pity, as she thinks of her own fond husband, and contrasts him with the cold stern man who seems to have broken his wife's heart.

"Don't say that, my dear," she says, speaking out of the fulness of her warm heart. "Don't say that while you have us. We all love you, the very children cried when they heard you were ill."

"Thank you, Cecily dear," Juliet answers; but the sorrow remains deep and settled in her eyes, and no tenderness or endearments of Cecily's can lighten the sadness of her brow. Her heart's bitterest grief cannot be assuaged by a few loving words, the wounds are too deep for that.

Cecily notices that she does not mention her husband's name, and she determines to bring it up in conversation, when Juliet is a little stronger, but at present she will not risk anything.

In a day or two she asks her if she would like to see Edith, but Juliet shrinks and trembles, and shakes her head.

"Need I?" she asks piteously.

"Certainly not, unless you like, my dear."

"I don't think I am strong enough to see any fresh faces yet. Will she be offended, do you think, if I ask her to wait a little longer?"

Her eyes look questioningly at her cousin's face, almost as anxiously as though Cecily were a judge and she a culprit waiting to hear sentence pronounced upon her.

"No; of course not. She knows how weak you are, and really I ought not to have proposed such a thing yet awhile, only I did not think."

One afternoon, as Cecily sits at the bedside of the invalid, talking to her of commonplace events and people, she begins upon a fresh subject.

"I daresay you wonder, my dear, that we have not yet allowed you to see your husband. The fact is, as he is not staying here——"

"Not staying at Compton?"

The sudden flush on Juliet's cheek warns Cecily what dangerous interest the new topic possesses for her; but she is fairly in for it now, and cannot well draw back—with those eager eyes watching her.

"No, darling; he went back to Tenham some time ago; there was no occasion for him to stay, as you recognized no one, and he could do nothing for you. The house was to be kept as quiet as possible; so the fewer visitors there were in it the better; but he was here every day, of course, two or three times generally, to hear the latest news of you."

"And to talk to Edith," adds Juliet to herself.

"Well, Juliet, as I was about to say, since you have been better, you have slept a good deal, and it has so chanced that you have been sleeping soundly whenever he has called, and of course we would not disturb you for anything."

"Never mind about that, Cecily."

And then, after a painful pause, she continues:

"Tell me the truth. Have I talked a good deal—when I have been unconscious, I mean?"

"You rambled a little, but you never raved, as some people do," her cousin answers evasively. "Some people seem to go quite mad, you know; but you were quiet."

"But you could hear me, Cecily, you heard what I said?"

"Sometimes, not always."

"Tell me what I said. Did I talk about my husband?"

She speaks with painful earnestness, her eyes shining and restless. Cecily sees the dangerous excitement under which she is laboring, and does her very best to soothe her.

"Well, darling, you did talk about him sometimes, but you need not fear; we shall not take any notice of what you said—no one ever minds what sick people talk about."

"Then I said he did not love me—and all about it?"

"Yes, my darling," Cecily admits, inexpressibly grieved.

"Do you know the story of my marriage, Cecily?"

"No, dear; but never mind that. You will be so tired if you don't rest now."

But Cecily's thoughts go back to the bewilderment created in the family when Lovelace brought home Juliet for his bride, and young Blakey appeared with Edith.

The explanation then offered was not of the most satisfactory nature, and she begins dimly to understand that something connected with that wedding must have robbed this young life of its happiness and beauty.

"I can't tell you now, Cecily," the weak voice goes on; "but I will begin to-morrow, and go as far as I can. Aubrey knows—he has known for some time."

"Very well, my dear, if it will do you good."

The next day, in faltering words, and with many pauses for strength, Juliet tells Cecily the story of her marriage.

"I did it for the best," she concludes; "but I see now that I ought not to have interfered between them. I deserve all that I have brought upon myself."

Cecily is shocked and amazed; but, when the first feeling of astonishment is over, she, like the old Colonel, forgets Juliet's folly in the thought of the noble generosity of heart which led her to risk her life's happiness for her cousin's, and feels only sorrow, tenderest sorrow, for the sad results of the plan which was made and carried out with such good intentions; and, as she stoops down to kiss the trembling lips which have told the sorrowful tale, she thinks that she would have been a truer friend to this brave girl than Edith has proved, that if such a sacrifice had been made for her, she would have shown herself more grateful than Edith has done.

"My dear," she says, "I don't know any one else who would have done such a thing for another. Edith ought to be overflowing with gratitude to you for the remainder of her life!"

To this Juliet makes no reply.

"And so that is why Aubrey is so bitter against Edith," continues Cecily presently. "He never liked her much, but lately he has seemed to hate the very sound of her name. He and Burnet being in business together, we see a good deal of him, as you know."

"And I can trust you, Cecily?" Juliet asks, with an anxious look in her eyes. "You will not tell any one but Burnet? I am not going to ask you to keep any secrets from your husband."

"No one but Burnet, my dear; and I am quite sure he will not tell any one. We may even be able to help you in some way, perhaps."

"I don't see how that can be, Cecily, though I know you mean to be very kind, and I am grateful to you. After a long and thoughtful pause—"Cecily, I don't think I can ever go back to Tenham again."

"Why not, my dear?"

Cecily's voice is very calm, and her face perfectly composed as she takes a fresh length of cotton and threads her needle.

"Oh—I don't think I can!"

"You have no more reason for keeping away from Tenham now than you had before your illness, have you?"

"No-o; I suppose not. But, Cecily, Burnet loves you—you cannot imagine what a very awkward and unhappy position mine is as mistress of Sir Evelyn's house."

"I know it must be very painful, my dear; but—well, I think we need not discuss that question yet; you are hardly strong enough to think much about anything."

"Yes, Cecily, I am. I am a great deal stronger than I have been—I wish I were not!"—with a heavy sigh.

"Hush, Juliet; you must not have such wishes!"

"Well, I know it is wicked, but if you were in my place you would be tempted to wish the same thing. Tell me what you were going to say, Cecily. I have slept so much to-day that I feel quite strong now."

"My darling"—her cousin speaks firmly but tenderly—"I was going to remind you of your duty—to tell you that, however you became Sir Evelyn's wife, his wife you still remain, and that you owe him honor and respect at the very least. My dear, remember that, however he has behaved to you, he gave you the shelter of his name and home just when you had defeated all his plans for the future—when he might have exposed your conduct to the world, that would have viewed it in no charitable light; you would have suffered more or less at its hands—do you not owe him anything in return for his forbearance?"

"Oh, yes!" answers Juliet, with an overwhelming sense of the pain she has suffered during the two years of her married life. "I would do anything I could for him, Cecily. But it would not please him to have me back at Tenham—he doesn't want me."

"But, my dear, you forget that in leaving him you would do him a very great injury. You would give people reason to suppose that he had ill-treated you in some way; you would damage his good name irretrievably.

"I remember, when he had just found out that it was I, instead of Edith, when he had married, and I wanted him to get the marriage dissolved, or a separation, or something, he said he had too much respect for both our names to do that. Would this be as bad?"

"Just as bad. Worse, if anything, after living together for two years."

"Then I suppose I must go back"—wearily.

"My dear, when you are quite strong and well nothing will seem half so hard."

Cecily kisses her again as she says this, and Juliet puts her weak arms round her cousin's neck in a sudden impulse of affection.

If she has lost one true friend, her illness has certainly gained her another.

As she gets stronger she can no longer refuse to see Edith, who, however, has been by no means anxious for an interview; and, fortified by Cecily's presence, Juliet endures her cousin's daily visits with a fair amount of composure.

Edith herself does not evince much relish for her company, so fortunately Juliet's strength is tried but for a short time, and presently she is allowed another visitor, very much more to her mind—little Randal, who is brought in, crowing and laughing in the nurse's arms, and who at first turns away crying from the thin white face which is so altered that his baby eyes cannot recognise it.

But he soon begins to know her again, and Juliet's heart warms afresh to Edith's child as she sees how he has grown and improved since last she saw him.

Still there is no news of Randal—nothing but a silence as of death, which every one feels will never be broken now. Juliet thinks of it more and more as she gets stronger.

Is she really now the only one between those two? Heaven grant it may not be so, for then indeed the burden of her life will be too heavy to be borne!

One morning, when she has been dressed and is lying on the couch expecting Edith's daily visit, Cecily comes into the room with the air of a person whose mind is made up.

"Juliet, my dear," she says, advancing to the couch, and speaking in a matter-of-fact tone, "Sir Evelyn is here, and he wants to see you. Shall he come?"

"Sir Evelyn!" repeats Juliet, half raising herself upon her pillows, a nervous flush mantling her cheeks. "I think I would rather not; I—must I, Cecily?"—appealing to her cousin in her weakness, and looking as if it would be a relief to have the decision taken out of her hands.

"I think you should, dear; he has not seen you since you were ill."

"Well, if you say so. But I would much rather not!"

"Oh, you will be glad when you have seen him! You are quite strong enough now—indeed, I think the sight of a fresh face will very likely do you good. You have been moping lately."

Cecily leaves the room, and in another minute Juliet hears her returning step upon the stairs, accompanied by another and heavier one, the sound of which makes her heart beat faster, and brings the color to her face in quick nervous flushes.

Cecily does not enter the room, however. He closes the door after him, and stands before his wife, the same stalwart figure as ever, the same handsome face, though a shade of care rests upon the brow and dwells in the keen dark eyes.

"He does not look any happier for being all this time with Edith, with nobody to interrupt them," is Juliet's first thought.

He is greatly shocked at the sight of her altered face, and indeed none but those who had seen her could imagine what a change had been effected.

"You must have been very ill, Juliet," he says, taking her hand, and looking very much concerned.

"I suppose I have been," she answers, with a violent effort at composure; "but I am much better—I get up every day now."

"I am very pleased to hear it. Of course they told me how ill you were, but I never imagine——"

He checks himself, perhaps thinking it unwise to enlarge upon her altered looks, and they both remain silent for a few moments neither of them knowing what to say.

His words, when they do come, are very stiff and forced, and here are almost inaudible through extreme nervousness and a wild longing to cry, which it takes all her strength to repress.

"We are very quiet at Tenham," he says presently. "How soon do you think you will be able to come back?"

"Oh, I don't know!" she answers doubtfully. "I think not just yet," she adds more gently.

She almost made up her mind then and there to ask him if she need ever go back; but then she remembers what Cecily said about it.

No; she will at least do her duty by him, though he can never love her. But his next words take away her breath.

"No, not this week; you are scarcely strong enough for a move yet, but we will hear what Doctor Abbott says about next week. You could easily be carried downstairs and out to the carriage, and Sanders should walk the horses all the way, so that you would not get shaken."

Juliet absolutely trembles. Does he really mean what he says? Does he mean to take her away from every one, and keep her—so weak and helpless—in that great lonely house?

"But I couldn't do without Cecily yet," she remonstrates feebly.

"Cecily would come with you, and her husband, and of course Mrs. Ewell, and any one else you would like. There is room enough at Tenham for every one that you can want, Juliet."

"Thank you; you are very good," she returns, and then falls to wondering why he is in such a hurry to have her back. It must be, she decides presently, with a sudden sinking of the heart, that he wants to get her out of Edith's way—that he fears she might be troubled or disturbed by an invalid in the house.

There can be no other reason, is the sad conclusion to which she comes.

He goes soon afterwards; but, short as his stay has been, she is more exhausted than she has been after a much longer visit from any one else.

CHAPTER XI.

JULIET does not go to Tenham the next week, or the week after. Doctor Abbott will not hear of her removal being attempted at present; but when the nurse is no longer needed, and Juliet is so strong that she can walk from her couch to the window and back without assistance, Lovelace again puts forth his plea, even more urgently than before; and this time Doctor Abbott cannot well refuse, there being no longer reason to fear that the change may do Juliet harm, though he is very much at a loss to account for Lovelace's eagerness in this one matter, when he shows such indifference in all others.

Edith does not say very much either one way or the other, and Juliet supposes, in the bitterness of her heart, that it does not matter to her whether she goes or stays, as in any case Lovelace must still be a good deal at Compton for the present, as he and Mr. Lewes, an old family friend of the Colonel's, are joint executors of the will, and there is a considerable amount of business yet remaining to be despatched which necessitates his frequent presence at the old house.

So, one sunny afternoon towards the end of March, a carriage from Tenham drives up the avenue at Compton, and a few minutes later Lovelace ascends the stairs to the room where Cecily and Juliet—the latter carefully cloaked and wrapped—await his coming.

Edith is sitting there too, in a dainty crape-trimmed mourning-dress, close by the fire, with her feet upon the fender.

"Well, Juliet, are you ready?" he asks, opening the door, and bringing with him into the carefully-warmed room a rush of chilly air that makes Edith shiver.

Juliet goes up to Edith, kisses her, and utters some faltering words of gratitude for her extended hospitality.

"I have caused a great deal of trouble,"

she says, "and you must be very glad of get rid of me."

She says it in simple truth, not expecting any compliment in return. She knows her cousin's feelings towards her but too well.

"Oh, now, don't say a word about that!" Edith replies, rising from her chair, and speaking in very lively tones. "You have been no trouble to me; but, even if you had been, you could easily repay me."

"Only tell me how," begins Juliet.

"Why, by asking me often up to Tenham, of course," she replies, with a laugh, and an almost imperceptible toss of her head as Lovelace approaches. "Think how dull I shall be here, all by myself, for Mrs. Graham cannot come until June."

Juliet's heart sinks again. Edith does not mean to lose sight of Lovelace then—she will never leave her in peace any more.

But, while she is struggling with her rebellious feelings, and trying to answer cordially, her husband takes the task out of her hands, and performs her duty with the stately dignity which so well becomes him.

"We shall always be most glad to welcome you to Tenham. We shall be charmed to repay in so pleasant a manner—and if so slightly—the heavy debt of gratitude which we owe to your kind hospitality. Pray remember that our doors are always open to you."

He bows over the pretty hand she extends—not his customary curt bow, but a profound reverence which brings a triumphant light to Edith's eyes and fresh lines of pain about Juliet's quivering lips.

Does he wish to show every one with what honor and esteem he looks upon the woman who has thrust herself between him and his wife, or is he being ceremonious merely to avoid any approach to a scene? Whichever it is, she must forgive him and bear with him, he loved Edith, and she took him from her.

But, oh, the weariness which comes over her as she looks forward to a life made up entirely of bearing and forbearing; no love, no joy, not peace even, may be here, all is regret and sorrow and darkness!

"Come, Juliet," he says shortly.

"I am coming," she answers, advancing towards the door; but as he approaches her she draws back in dismay.

"What are you going to do? I can walk downstairs quite well by myself now."

"No, you cannot," he says resolutely. "I am going to carry you down."

"But, indeed, it is not necessary," she replies, shrinking away from him still more.

"My dear," interposes Cecily, "remember that you have never been downstairs since your illness. You would be sure to turn very giddy at first, and would very likely fall from the top of the stairs to the bottom."

"Not if you gave me your arm, Cecily; I am sure I could do it then."

"Let her walk down if she thinks she would rather do so," chimes in Edith, who has been watching the scene with jealous eyes. "It would be even worse if Sir Evelyn were to over-blame himself, and both of them were to fall down."

"I shall not over-balance myself," he says quietly, with a smile that is almost a sneer. His manner changes as he turns again to his wife. "Come, Juliet," he says resolutely.

"Please—no," she persists, edging still further from him. "If it were to happen as Edith says, you might be killed, and I should never forgive myself."

"What nonsense! There is not the slightest danger for either of us. And as you are so fearful on my account, remember that the farther you go into the room again the farther I shall have to carry you in the end. You may just as well come at once."

At this point in the argument Juliet almost reaches the wall, she having been retreating and he advancing—and, not knowing how near she is to it, she unexpectedly comes into contact with it, and totters for a moment.

He takes advantage of the opportunity, and she is forthwith conveyed out of the room and down the stairs in his arms, Cecily following with a shawl on one arm and a cloak on the other; and Edith, leaning over the baluster watching the descent with vexation in her eyes.

Juliet's mind is in a whirl when she finds herself being carried in her husband's arms, partly with chagrin at her defeat, but far more with a passionate pleasure in her strange position, with her head pressed against his shoulder, and one of her arms clinging round his neck.

For the first moment she is angry at being overpowered by his determination—but for the first moment only.

A tide of passionate womanly love comes sweeping over her in its full force of long-restrained tenderness, which almost tells her secret in that unguarded moment.

She however contents herself with pressing one quick silent kiss upon the rough sleeve of his ulster, a kiss in which is concentrated all the love which has grown up in her heart during the last two years.

He kissed her at that Christmas-tree party; now she kisses him back—but how differently!

Without pausing for a moment he carries his paintully light burden past the great hall door and down the steps, regardless of the concerned gaze of Sanders and Mitchell, and never relinquishes it until it is safely deposited on the back seat of the carriage, in a perfect nest of fur and rugs.

"Thank you; you must be very tired," she says faintly.

"Not at all. Mitchell, I really don't see the foot-warmers I told you to put in."

"Yes, sir; here they are, sir. I pushed them under the seat."

"You are none the worse, I hope?" he continues, to Juliet, putting the man aside, and arranging the foot-warmers and rugs for her with his own hands.

"Oh, no, thank you!"

But she is so ghastly white that it is no wonder he asks the question. Cecily comes out then, and he stands aside to help her in.

She puts the question which is already in Juliet's mind, but which she has not been able to summon up courage enough to ask.

"You are coming with us, I suppose, Sir Evelyn?" — seating herself opposite to Juliet.

"Yes; I have finished my business here for to-day," he returns.

He gets in, gravely stooping to rearrange a rug which had fallen from Juliet's knees; and then they drive off, going very gently.

He does not speak for some time, but sits scanning his wife's face as she half reclines amidst her furs, her eyes closed, and the blue veins on her eyelids and temples painfully visible.

"I do not think it will hurt her," he says presently, half-doubtfully, as if trying to convince himself of the truth of his words.

"I feel certain it will not," answers Cecily reassuringly. "And it is a great deal better for her to be at her own home."

"So I think," he returns decidedly.

"Tenham, too, is on higher ground than Compton," she continues, "and more healthy on that account—unless, indeed, the more exposed situation should prove too cold for her."

"Oh, no; we will take care of her! If there were any danger of that Doctor Abbott would have said so. And I must thank you heartily, Mrs. St. John, for your kindness in coming to be with her. I do not know whatever she would do without you."

"I am very glad to be able to do anything for her," rejoins Cecily, glancing tenderly at her cousin's pale face. "Almost every one loves her, I think."

Was that "almost" flung at him? He glances sharply at Cecily, but, seeing her eyes still resting upon Juliet's face, his own follow her gaze, and dwell there until at last a heavy sigh is heard, and Cecily looks up in astonishment, to see an expression on Sir Evelyn's face which she never saw there before.

A little more conversation passes between them, for the most part relative to Burnet's return in the evening to Tenham, instead of to Compton; but very soon they arrive at their destination, and the carriage stops before the broad flight of steps.

It may be the motion or the unwonted excitement of the journey which has so powerful an effect upon Juliet; but she is taken out of the carriage half-unconscious, and carried upstairs in her husband's arms almost swooning.

The first thing that rouses her is the soft contact of a moustache with her cheek; and, coming to herself with a start, she finds that she is lying back in a deep easy-chair near the fire, with her husband kneeling by her side, and no one else in the warm luxurious room.

Cecily, for reasons of her own, has contrived to be detained downstairs for a few minutes, and has also contrived to detain Juliet's maid along with her, rummaging among the luggage.

"Juliet!" says Lovelace tenderly.

"Yes," she answers in dreamy bewilderment.

Then she suddenly rises from the chair. "I am better now," she stammers. "It was was—it was—I was tired, I think."

He rises and stands on the rug before the fire, tall and stately, and Juliet, stealing a glance at his face as the firelight shines upon it, sees that it is sterner even than usual, and with an added shade of gloom darkening his brow.

For one moment she almost thought—but no; it could have been only a mere impulse of pity, or he would not look like that now.

Cecily's voice is heard on the stairs at that moment, and he turns and walks straight out of the room.

Cecily enters directly afterwards, and is soon busy with Sims in getting Juliet to bed, for after the first few minutes the invalid finds herself thoroughly exhausted with the novel events of the day.

When she has taken some refreshment she falls into a deep sleep, and Cecily goes to meet her husband and Sir Evelyn at dinner, but when she comes up afterwards she finds her charge awake, and unusually bright.

She talks quite cheerfully to Cecily, but declines to see Sir Evelyn again; and her cousin is really glad of her refusal, for she soon discovers that her new flow of spirits is more from excitement than anything else, and she tries to compose her, fearing its effects upon her weakness.

The next morning Juliet seems quite as well as she has ever been since her illness.

All the night long her husband's kiss seemed to burn her cheek; awake she has thought of it—asleep she has dreamed of it; and many a time has her hand passed fondly over the part touched by his lips.

The cloud of doubt and fear which came over her immediately after his last kiss seems to have lifted; almost unknown to herself, a tiny blossom of hope unfolds in her heart.

Edith is not here; her presence no longer sheds its disquieting influence over her; and Juliet in her new peace and contentment almost forgets her cousin's existence.

It so happens that Edith herself has no opportunity of reminding her of it, for she takes a severe cold, and is entirely confined to the house for three weeks.

Business of course often takes Lovelace to Compton, and when he comes back he sits in Juliet's room by her side, not quite so grave as usual—his smile not quite so rare.

Their intercourse just at this time very much resembles that at Evelyn Priory two years ago, in their quiet friendliness and apparent kindly feeling towards one another; and Cecily rejoices to see the gulf which separated them bridged over, if ever so slightly.

Perhaps her loving presence warms their hearts; perhaps the evident tender affection existing between herself and her husband excites them to emulate so good an example—certain it is that Lovelace never showed such kindness to his wife as now—kindness that at times almost amounts to tenderness.

Juliet improves wonderfully under the new order of things. Every day she gains strength.

First she comes down to dinner, and then to luncheon, until at last she resumes her ordinary life downstairs, and begins to look something like her old self again, with a faint rose-flush on her cheeks, and a bright and more natural light in her sweet blue eyes.

Cecily decides that she and Burnet must go now; her presence is no longer really needed, and she thinks that the husband and wife should be left alone.

She trusts that a new and happier life is drawing upon them since Juliet's illness, and she is content to leave the rest to time.

Juliet is loath to lose her cousin. The two girls were always friendly enough when they met, but until the past weeks of trial and anxiety nothing had ever happened to draw them together in the firm bond of affection.

But now—Juliet's heart almost fails her as her dear friend and cousin announces that she must return home.

She misses both Burnet and Cecily very much when they are gone, for Lovelace is necessarily out a great deal looking after his own affairs, as well as keeping a watchful eye upon the new steward appointed to the management of the Compton estate; and there is besides a great deal of business to be done in the library with Mr. Lewes and the lawyer; so that altogether she is very much alone, and half inclined to be mopish again.

It is not as though she and he were true husband and wife, with their two lives and interests bound fast together in one bond of mutual love; they are separate, living their lives apart, each knowing little or nothing of the other's real trials, though they each pity the other for imaginary ones.

Soon afterwards Edith recovers sufficiently to drive over and pay Juliet a short visit.

"It seems quite a long time since I saw you," says Edith effusively; "and yet it is not really long, is it?"

"No; scarcely a month. Haven't you brought little Randal?"

"I declare, Juliet, you are looking wonderfully better. You must have a very robust constitution to pick up again so fast. Why, I was quite prostrated by that cold I caught the day after you went away. Doctor Abbott says I was suffering from nervous debility."

She talks on without heeding her cousin's question, and Juliet cannot but see that her eyes constantly wander to the door, as if in expectation of its opening to admit somebody.

"I am glad to see you are better again," she answers courteously. "This sharp spring weather has given nearly every one cold; the frost has nipped all my violets and primroses under the south wall. But is Randal ill, that you did not bring him?"

"Oh, no; he is well enough! I did not think about it until the last minute, and it would have taken ages to get him ready, and I couldn't wait then. But I will send for him if you particularly want to see him."

"I should like to—very much. It is a month now since I left Compton, and I have never seen him once in all that time. You know I am very proud of my—nephew, I was going to say—but he is only my second cousin, after all. But, whatever he is, I am very fond of him."

"Oh, yes, I know you are!" answers Edith, with a conscious little laugh. "And so is Sir Evelyn. Really, the notice he takes of the child is something wonderful, considering the sort of man that he is. Randal knows him quite well, and will often go to him when he won't come near me."

The color rushes to Juliet's face, and then dies away almost instantly, leaving her paler than she was before, while her hands tremble visibly as they lie in her lap.

So this is the way in which her husband spends his time when he is at Compton—not in discussion with the lawyers and in going over papers with Mr. Lewes, as she had believed, but in petting and admiring Edith's child—in company with her evidently.

Edith seems to read her bitter thoughts in her face; at any rate she blushes and looks away, with a half-triumphant smile upon her lips.

But Juliet soon recovers herself, and determines to bring her cousin to her senses with a sharp reminder.

"And what about his father, Edith? I suppose you have heard nothing?"

The smile fades instantly, and she turns to Juliet with an air of sorrowful resignation.

"Dear Randal? No, nothing. I dare not hope that he is alive."

"But you are not in mourning for him?"—with a glance at the elegant little crape bonnet which surmounts the smooth golden hair, and which is by no means a widow's head-gear.

Juliet feels vaguely that her question is put with almost cruel directness and indifference; but she does not try to soften it. She is stunned beyond the power of feeling for others.

"No, my dear," replies Edith, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "I have kept on driving it off, thinking that something might be heard at last. But it is too late now—we all feel convinced of his death—I am going into mourning for him immediately."

There is a quiver in her low, carefully-modulated voice, ending in a hysterical sob; but Juliet is too much absorbed in her own reflections to heed her.

It has come at last, then. It is too late to hope any more. And she alone stands between the two who love each other! Before either of them speaks again the door slowly opens to admit Lovelace; and Edith brightens perceptibly at the sight of him.

He greets her very gravely, without the shadow of a smile on his handsome dark face—without any tone of pleasure in his deep voice.

But that is for his wife's special benefit, Juliet decides. It is hard for her to sit quietly by and see another woman's face light up at the sight of her own husband.

"So you are out again?" he says quite briefly.

"Yes; I thought I must try to come and see Juliet, since she has not yet been able to come and see me. But how much better she looks! I am sure she will soon be out of doors again."

"Not while this east wind is blowing," he answers, in the same decided but indifferent way in which he might announce that he intended to keep some delicate plant indoors during the cold weather.

"Ah," Edith exclaims, with a charming air of tender sadness, "she has some one to take good care of her—fortunate girl that she is!"

She stops, and again puts her handkerchief to her eyes, and Juliet sees her slender shoulders heave under her furs.

"Well, I think you have not wanted for care yet," he answers bluntly.

"No; you have been most kind," Edith falters. "You have been a very good friend to me, and I owe you a great deal which I can never repay. But you don't know what it is——"

"I think I know what trouble is," he interrupts, with eyes full of stern sorrow.

Juliet listens and trembles. Has he quite forgotten her presence, then, that he speaks out his mind so bluntly? Or does he wish to let her see plainly what a burden she is to him?

"Then I am very sorry for you," answers Edith softly, raising her gentle blue eyes to his for a moment as he stands beside her chair.

Juliet watches them in silence. Yes, they have quite forgotten her now that they have each other to look at and to speak to. What a perfect pair they make, placed so near to each other!

"Do you know," says Edith presently, changing the subject, "little Randal grows so intelligent—he seems quite to miss you when you are not at Compton."

"Does he indeed?" he replies absently, with no change of expression.

Juliet watches him intently. Is this indifference real or assumed?

"Yes," continues Edith placidly; "he would not go to Mr. Lewis when he was here this morning; directly he took him he cried so that the poor man was quite frightened, and nearly let him drop. And yet he never cries when you take him"—with another upward glance at him from beneath her long lashes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO PURIFY WATER.—Alum is said to have power to purify water and even to deprive it of the bacteria it sometimes contains. That muddy water can be cleared by alum has long been known; but it is a comparatively recent discovery that a very small quantity of alum so small that it is not injurious to drink the water that contains it, will rid the water of nearly all its bacteria. A Pennsylvania physician found that the water that was drawn by the people of a village where typhoid fever was epidemic was swarming with bacteria. Fifteen drops of it, when spread upon a suitable surface, were capable of forming 8,100 colonies of those microscopic vegetable germs. He added alum in proportion of half a grain to a gallon, and found that not only were the earthly and vegetable matters precipitated, but that the colonies of bacteria were reduced from 8,100 to 80, and these were of large size.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY.—Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

"Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthful people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't overeat. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

SOME TIME.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Some time my soul will cast its earthly robes aside,
And on celestial wings, ethereal glide
To where you stand beside the river's brink,
Called Life; and from it we will drink
A draught divine—face to face, you and me,
Bound in a golden chain—to live eternally.

WITHIN A WEEK.

BY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER V.

THE fourth of August dawned fair and bright, and it would have been difficult for the veriest grumbler to have found fault with the English climate on the day in question—or, for the matter of that, with any portion of the summer season of 1887.

A thick mist enveloped the landscape during the bright early hours of the morning.

Ankerdyke, indeed, was invisible when the household of Whitworth Court first stirred, but step by step the rays of the sun pierced the dense haze, the myriad dew-drops which lay upon the grass and hung suspended from every leaf began to glitter like so many gems under the influence of the advancing brightness, while the rolling mist melted away from hill and dale, even as an opposing foe is swept from the path of a resistless conqueror.

Shortly after eleven o'clock Colonel and Mrs. Whitworth and Maude might have been seen, with many others, making their way across the racecourse to their seats upon the stand, temporarily erected, in the ring.

Of spectators there were no lack, for from the very earliest hour of dawn the country people poured into Wallington city.

Pedestrians, heedless of either distance or heat, were to be seen in numbers, trudging along the dusty lanes and roads; vehicles of every description, from the most humble donkey-carts to the equipages belonging to the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, each drawn by four grays, crowded the narrow streets of the old town.

Every advantageous position from which a glimpse of the review could be obtained overflowed with eager sightseers, whilst, as the appointed hour drew momentarily nearer, the balcony of the Grand Stand and the stands in the ring and paddock filled rapidly with fashionably-attired ladies and gentlemen.

The Merton Castle party, the Greenwoods, and other county families made their appearance in quick succession shortly after the arrival of the Whitworths; but the seats occupied by Lord and Lady Blankeney and their guests were at some distance from the latter; and after one quick glance in Maude's direction, Sir Victor had to content himself with the society of Lady Eleanor McGregor, a very bright, amusing girl, who had arrived only on the preceding day from Scotland.

It was just twelve o'clock when the unfurling of the Royal Standard denoted the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, who rode up to the saluting point, accompanied by his staff and the Lord-Lieutenant, upon which the review at once commenced, the troops taking part in it numbering in all about 5000.

At the conclusion of the manœuvres, there was a general rush for luncheon; Colonel Whitworth insisting on his wife and young guest not pausing to speak to anyone, or the crush would become too great for them to reach in comfort the residence of the Governor of the Gaol, who, with his wife, had most hospitably thrown open their house to all friends who came from any distance.

Thus it was that Maude was borne away without even a nod of recognition from Sir Victor.

And at the ceremony of the laying of the foundation stone of the Queen's statue by the Royal Duke, which took place during the course of the afternoon in a marquee erected on the open space in front of the Shire Hall, the Merton Castle party were among the immediate entourage of the guests of the day, and came straight from the splendid entertainment given by the officers of the Wallingtonshire Yeomanry to the Duke and a select number of guests.

It seemed to Maude, as she listened rather wearily to the speeches during this part of the day's festivities, that Sir Victor had a great deal to say at every available moment to the lively girl whom she knew to be Lady Eleanor McGregor, inasmuch as she had heard of her expected arrival before quitting Merton Castle on the previous day.

Maude was herself hidden away behind a little knot of persons who had been successful in pushing themselves to the front; but from her point of observation she could just catch sight of Sir Victor's face, and had a very fair view of his pretty neighbor; and as Maude noted his evident interest in all she had to say, and the nods and glances they exchanged with each other, her heart sank deep within her, and her gay spirits gradually deserted her.

All was so different to what she had expected; this day to which she had so looked forward as likely to yield her a large amount of joy held nothing but pain and disappointment for her, after all.

How foolish she had been to suppose that Sir Victor really cared at all about her, the daughter of a poor country clergyman.

She ought to have known that he was only amusing himself; he had no doubt now turned his thoughts entirely to Lady Eleanor, and his attentions would be lavished upon her no longer.

And at this thought, which hurt her not a little, the tears rose to her eyes, and anger at his supposed cruelty filled her heart, as well as jealousy of the girl whom she imagined to be her rival.

"Thank goodness, dear, that's over," exclaimed Mrs. Whitworth, as at length, after what had been to Maude a period of gradually-increasing mental suffering, she mechanically followed the Colonel and his wife from the tent. "I really thought I should have been melted. How well the Duke spoke. I am glad he appreciates the county's loyalty in erecting this statue as a permanent memorial of the Jubilee. But, my dear child, how pale you look. What has come to you? It must be the heat. Fortunately, we have some hours to spare before going to the Deanery, for you are looking utterly fagged. Got a headache, did you say? I am sure I'm not surprised; the sun on the racecourse was enough to give one a stroke. Now we will go straight to that delightful haven of refuge, the Ladies' Club, and you shall lie down and have some tea. I will just tell Henry I am carrying you off there, and that he must call for us at twenty minutes to eight o'clock to escort us to the Deanery. I see he has stopped to speak a few minutes to Mr. Bosanquet."

She gave her instructions to her husband, and then rejoined Maude; and, as they slowly moved away, Sir Victor came hastily from the tent, as if looking for someone.

He caught sight of the two ladies, and hurried after them, but had not gone far when Mr. Bosanquet's detaining hand was laid upon his sleeve.

"Glad to see you, Corbet. Ah! of course, you are just the fellow who can tell me whether it really is true that the eldest Miss Vavasour is going to marry—bless me! What is the fellow's name? Oh! I have it! yes—Maguire Dodd?"

Now, Mr. Bosanquet suffered from a slight impediment in his speech, which obliged him to speak very slowly, and consequently it was a little trying to be questioned by him when in a violent hurry.

He was one of those people who delight in being thoroughly au courant with everybody's affairs, and in being the first to announce a piece of news, which he did with such assurance that it was generally concluded that he had derived it direct from headquarters.

This was an opportunity not to be lost, for a guest staying at Merton Castle must know the facts of the case, and he should have the pleasure of supplying all his friends with the intelligence first hand, which would lead them to suppose that he was quite in the Blankeney set.

Mr. Bosanquet had on this occasion, however, reckoned without his host, for Sir Victor broke rudely from him, exclaiming:

"I know nothing about it. Ask Miss Vavasour herself."

"Hang that fellow Bosanquet!" he continued, to himself; "he is the greatest bore in the three kingdoms, and must have a finger in everyone's pie. Of course, they are out of sight now. I might have caught them, but for that tiresome chatterer's interference. Now there's nothing for it but to return, and ask Colonel Whitworth where they have gone."

Which he did, but the Colonel had disappeared, having walked away with the bore, who held forth at length upon the lack of courtesy displayed by the young men of the present day towards their elders.

"I must try the Ladies' Club," Sir Victor said to himself. "How stupid of me not to have gone straight there!"

And off he started once more in pursuit, but only to meet with fresh disappointment, as the little page informed him "that Mrs. Whitworth and the young lady had gone upstairs to lie down, and he had been told to take their tea up to them. They didn't wish to be disturbed, as the young lady had a bad headache. Would the gentleman like to leave any message?"

Sir Victor said shortly, "No, there was no need," and, turning on his heel, wandered out into the streets again, denouncing the world in general, and Mr. Bosanquet in particular.

* * * * * *

A few hours later, the Dean and his wife were busy receiving at the Deanery their numerous guests whom they had invited to view the procession of illuminated boats up the Severn.

The greetings from host and hostess over, Colonel Whitworth, who was a bit of an antiquarian, pioneered Maude through the handsome suite of rooms, so tastefully furnished, pointing out to her the many objects of art, both beautiful and curious, collected by the present Dean's family during wanderings abroad, and not omitting to attract her notice to the charming exterior view.

The Deanery of Wallington adjoins the northwest corner of the Cathedral yard, and was formerly the Bishop's Palace, the Bishop having now taken up his residence in the ancient Palace of Hartleworth, about ten miles distant.

Gazing from the drawing-room windows, the visitor looks upon the smooth-shaven lawn of the Deanery garden, which slopes down to, and is only divided from, the silvery waters of the Severn by a low wall, covered with tangled masses of ivy.

On the opposite side of the river stretch low-lying, grassy meadows, and away to the left a glimpse is caught of the purple Malvern range.

"Some parts of this building," said Colonel Whitworth, "are very ancient, and go as far back as the thirteenth century, and I have been told that there is Norman work to be found in the stone-vaulted kitchens and cellars. The large dining hall, which you will see by-and-by, is a splendid room, and was, I believe, formerly the crypt; it now contains two marble columns, the property of the present Dean, which are said to have formed a portion of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and against one of them St. Paul is supposed to have leant on the occasion of the riot which broke out in support of the worship of the heathen goddess."

"How interesting!" remarked Maude, thoughtfully.

"Very much so, only one wishes that such suppositions could be verified—a most impossible desire, all the same."

"Yes, one must either receive such statements in faith, or discredit them. Personally, I prefer to do the former."

"And so you should, for the role of the cynic does not become the young, nor the old either, for the matter of that," added the Colonel, in a lower tone.

* * * * * *

It was in the small ante-chamber, where tea and coffee were being served, that Sir Victor came face to face with Maude for the first time that day.

He entered the room with Lord Blankeney and the latter's younger daughter, and hurried at once to greet Miss Douglas.

As he gained her side he gave a deep sigh of satisfaction, like one who has at length attained the goal towards which he has aspired, and quickly exclaimed, "At last!"

But, contrary to his expectation, the girl's greeting was far from cordial.

A puzzled look crossed the young fellow's face, and lowering his voice, he asked, a little defiantly:

"In what have I offended, Miss Douglas, since last we met?"

"I never knew there was any offence on your part, Sir Victor."

"Then why this great alteration of manner?"

"Am I greatly altered?" said Maude, coldly.

"You are as different as light from dark," he cried, in injured tones.

"I am not aware of it; it is you who are imaginative," answered Maude, somewhat bitterly.

Stung to the quick, not only by her words, but still more by her icy demeanor, Sir Victor turned abruptly away, but, ere leaving the room, he could not resist casting one more glance in Maude's direction.

She had sunk wearily into a chair near at hand, her face, which had become suddenly pale, wore a look of reproach absolutely pathetic; her sorrowful, dejected air so touched Sir Victor that it recalled him, without further hesitation, to her side, and he hurriedly exclaimed:

"There is some horrible misunderstanding here, and I am not going to leave you until I know what it is."

Here he paused for a reply; but none came, so he resumed in a loud pleading voice:

"Will you favor me so far as to come with me on to the terrace and see the procession of boats start?"

Maude assented; and having reached the gardens, which were already prettily illuminated with Chinese lanterns and fairy lamps, Sir Victor drew two chairs together into a remote corner, and opened the conversation by a tender inquiry after Maude's headache.

"How did you know I had a headache?" she asked, surprised.

"The boy at the Club told me."

"Did you come to the Ladies' Club, then?"

"Yes. I wanted so much to have taken Mrs. Whitworth and you for a row on the river; there are heaps of boats always ready for hire, and it would have whiled away the afternoon very pleasantly."

"Why did you not take Lady Eleanor McGregor? She would have suited your purpose equally well," cried the girl, impatiently.

"But I didn't wish to row Lady Eleanor about. I wanted you."

"She seemed to amuse you very agreeably during the stone-laying, anyhow."

Then at length a light broke upon Sir Victor, and he burst out into a merry, ringing laugh.

This unlooked-for display of mirth caused Maude to gaze at him in angry surprise for a moment, then she lowered her eyes before the expression in his, and a smile hovered round her mouth.

"Why, Miss Douglas," said Sir Victor, in joyfully amused tones, "surely you cannot imagine—yes, I really believe that you have been seized with a fit of jealousy against unoffending Lady Eleanor."

"I began to think—I mean I thought ——"

Then Maude paused when she had gone thus far in her ineffectual explanation; and Sir Victor hastily interposed:

"I suppose you imagine—well, all sorts of foolish things, knowing nothing of the real state of the case, which is this. Lady Eleanor McGregor has just come from a visit to my eldest married sister, Mrs. Mainwarning, and she had a great deal to tell me about the moor they have got this year in Inverness-shire, and how fascinating my young nephews and nieces are growing, besides the delivery of any number of messages, one being an invitation for me to go to them as soon as I leave Merton (which I do the day after to-morrow), so that I may be in time to slay grouse on the Twelfth."

"And will you go?" asked Maude, in a trembling voice.

"That depends entirely upon you," replied Sir Victor, seriously.

"On me?"

"Yes, on you, because all my heart is yours," he answered, taking her hand in his. "Maude, tell me; shall I go or stay? Answer me, darling, for this suspense is dreadful. Can you not give me a little love in return for all that which I feel for you?"

"Stay," she murmured gently, but very firmly.

And, under cover of the dim light, Sir Victor drew her into his arms, and she laid her head on his shoulder, like a weary child who has found its rest, while he imprinted his first kiss upon her broad white forehead.

It was the Cathedral clock striking nine which first roused Sir Victor and Maude from their dream of bliss, and brought them back to ordinary events.

"My goodness! the boats will be starting immediately. Come, dearest, let us go down to the wall; we shall get a better view of them there. Hark! quite an appropriate tune that, for this beautiful evening."

For the mellow tones of the clock had scarcely ceased to vibrate, ere the chimes began to ring out the first few bars of the National Anthem into the still night air, while at the same time the shrill whistle of the steamer 'Dawn' gave the signal to go ahead, and was responded to by the other launches, and by the firing of a cannon at the lock.

Having gained the boundary wall of the Deanery garden, the thirteen pleasure steamers and launches, together with nearly one hundred boats and punts, were to be seen approaching in an orderly line.

They were hung with lanterns of different shapes and colors, and with a variety of Venetian lamps: and as they advanced slowly up the river, glittering from stem to stern with innumerable lights, the spectacular effect was splendid.

It was rendered still more so by fountains of golden rain playing in the water, and by the burning of Roman candles and colored fires on the railway bridge and in the rear of the trees near the Grand Stand.

At the same time three large fire balloons were sent up and a quantity of rockets discharged, to the great delight of the countless human beings who lined the banks of the river.

So fairy-like a scene drew forth rounds of cheering from the assembled thousands, almost drowning the strains of the city band on the Lady Alwyne steamer, and the voices of the glee party aboard the Lady Foley.

But the applause reached its height as the glittering procession came past the venerable Cathedral, standing out in grand relief under the red limelight which was thrown upon it.

That same limelight, though, was not so fully appreciated by Sir Victor, as it discovered him with his arms round Maude Douglas's waist, somewhat to the embarrassment of both those happy mortals.

"Hang these modern inventions!" muttered Sir Victor, wrathfully, under his heavy moustache; "why can't they keep that horrid thing over on the other side of the river?"

But now the old stone bridge, with its five arches, a picturesque object in itself, was reached, and pretty indeed was the effect as the illuminated boats wound like two broad glittering threads beneath the ancient structure which spans the waters of the Severn below Newport Street.

"I have never seen anything to equal it even in Venice," remarked Mr. Greenwood to Mrs. Whitworth, as the procession drew round a bend of the river and finally disappeared. "I heard someone say supper is ready; let me have the pleasure of taking you in," he continued.

"Thank you. I wonder where the Colonel and Miss Douglas are all this time. I have not seen that young lady for a long while," replied Mrs. Whitworth.

"I caught sight of her about an hour ago; she was with Sir Victor Corbet. I think he is pretty sure to look carefully after her—isn't he?" with a little laugh. "And your husband has, I daresay, already escorted some lady in to supper."

Mr. Greenwood proved a true prophet, for on entering the large banqueting-hall, where a bountiful repast had been prepared for some 250 guests, Mrs. Whitworth and her cavalier found Colonel Whitworth and Mrs. Bosanquet and Sir Victor and Maude most comfortably seated at a small round table in a snug corner of the room.

It was past eleven o'clock before the last of the guests entertained that evening by the hospitable Dean and his wife finally withdrew; and as the carriages rolled along to their respective destinations under the cloudless sky and brilliant moon of the glorious summer night, two at least of the visitors to the Deanery were full of delight and happiness at so successful a termination to the festivities held by the County of Wallingtonshire in honor of the grand Jubilee.

On the conclusion of his visit to Lord and Lady Blankeney, Sir Victor went to spend a few days at Whitworth Court.

His arrival there was shortly followed by that of the Reverend Arthur and Mrs. Douglas; and then Maude had the added happiness of discovering that, on becoming acquainted with her future husband, he was almost as fully appreciated by her par-

ents as by herself—a liking which was later equally shared by her brother Gerald, who, soon after the trio had returned to Ipsley Rectory, accompanied by Sir Victor, was overheard describing his prospective brother-in-law to an Oxonian friend as "a regular trump."

* * * * * *

It was on a beautiful day late in the autumn, when the bracken had turned from green to gold, and the hedges were bright with hips and haws, that Maude Douglas and Sir Victor Corbet were married.

It was their intention to pass the winter abroad, visiting Paris and Rome, with the hope that the lengthening days of May might find them amid the loveliness of the Italian lakes.

And now, looking into the dim future, we would fain forecast that a day will come when Sir Victor and Lady Corbet will pay a visit to Merton Castle, in order to be present at the second wedding in the Blankeney family; for who shall say that, on gaining his promotion at a future day, the hopes of Captain Graham may not be realized, and that he will be united in the bonds of holy matrimony to the Honorable Edith Vavasour, whose most intimate friends have no cause, so far, to doubt her unwavering allegiance to him?

[THE END.]

Proposals.

BY A. BACH.

A TAP at the door of the morning-room, where Mrs. Denley was sitting at work with her daughters, and then the old man-servant slowly opened it.

"Master wanted to speak to Miss Alison in his study directly."

The fair, very fair, face of Alison Denley flushed as she rose, glanced at her mother irresolutely, and then, to the surprise of her younger sisters, sat down again.

"Oh, Ali!" cried Meta, reprovingly, "you know it makes papa so cross if he is kept waiting."

"Have you been naughty?" lisped little Rose. "Are you afraid you will be scolded?"

"Go with me, mamma, will you?" asked Alison, too much agitated by the summons to take any notice of the remarks made by the children.

But Mrs. Denley, who had been drilled by an irascible husband into habits of implicit obedience, shook her head.

"If papa had wanted me as well as you, love, he would have said so, and he might not be pleased if I went unbidden. What makes you so nervous this morning, dear? He was in the best of tempers at breakfast, and can only have sent for you to write some letters for him."

But Alison knew better. Ever since she had caught a glimpse, from her seat near the window, of a gentleman riding up to the door, she had been in a flutter of apprehension.

Some men when they woo take care to win a blushing confession from the lady of their love before taking the more matter-of-fact step of obtaining papa's approval of their suit; but Everard Polsden, young, rich, and handsome, was quite satisfied with the amount of encouragement he had received.

No portionless girl, however charming, would refuse such very eligible proposals as he had ridden over the Tors to lay before the parents of the pretty creature whose smiles and saucy speeches had quite bewitched him.

If he could have seen Alison at this moment he would not have ridden off so confident of winning her.

She was taking her way to Mr. Denley's study with downcast looks and lagging steps. Mistress Alison was bitterly repenting her essay at playing the coquette.

It was no incipient liking for the clever, self-sufficient Londoner who was spending his summer holiday in the neighborhood, that had led her to be so gracious to Mr. Polsden, to accept his arm at the flower-show, waltz with him at the Velvet Lawn picnic, and listen with such flattering attention to his dissertations on various etogies of which the little puss knew nothing, or next to nothing.

Oh, no; there was a certain Charlie Cuthbert in the background—a clever young surgeon, lately taken into partnership by his father, with whom Alison had quarreled and romped in her childhood, and to whom, when he came back to his native place after years spent in the London and Paris hospitals, she gave her heart as readily as he gave his.

But a fit of caprice, or a pang of jealousy, combining with a fear that Charlie would think her too easily won, Alison had been cold and proud to her puzzled lover for a whole week; and then, finding him more inclined to be sulky than penitent, she had rushed into a flirtation with a new acquaintance, and this was the result.

But a violent peal from the study-bell cut short Alison's self-reproaches, and she hastened to present herself before her father.

"Have you been asleep?" he demanded, irately, "or did that numskull of a John forget to bring you my message? I shall have to get rid of the fellow; he is worse than useless. There never was a man so tried and exasperated as I am! It isn't much I want, only to live peaceably in the bosom of my family, but everyone, wife, children, servants, conspire against me. Why did you not come directly I sent for you? Or if it was that numskull John's fault, why don't you say so?"

"I am very sorry, papa, but I came as quickly as I could."

"Then the fault was your mother's. I thought as much! I vexed her at the breakfast-table, and this is how she revenges herself. I could not have believed it of her! Sad! sad! Temper, all temper, a woman's ungovernable temper."

"Will you tell me why you sent for me, sir?" asked Alison, in desperation.

"My dear child, yes, with pleasure!" and the angry gentleman suddenly forgot his grievances in a glow of delight at the prospects opening for his first-born. "Sit down, Miss Denley, and let me congratulate you. You are a very fortunate young woman!"

"Oh, no, papa!" she broke in, with a sob, "quite the contrary, for I know what you mean, and I don't like him a bit, except as a friend!"

"You—you—what? You don't like Everard Polsden, Esquire, the gentleman who has just done me the honor of asking your hand? Why, he told me in the plainest possible terms that you had given him reason to think you were quite willing to accept him!"

"I know I have acted foolishly!" faltered the young lady, "but I am very sorry, and he must be awfully conceited!" she added, remembering on what small grounds he based his assertions.

Mr. Denley put both his hands through his stubby gray hair, thereby causing it to stand out like a nimbus above his red, angry visage.

Was it possible that this daughter of his had been so unladylike as to flirt, and so imprudent as to risk the loss of a bridegroom whose position and connections were all that the most exacting father could desire?

Poor Alison cowered before the storm her too frank acknowledgments evoked, and had not a word to say in self-defence while her father raved at her, and finally promulgated his decision, from which there was no appeal.

"Mr. Polsden could not stay to see you this morning, for he was called away on important business, which may detain him in town for two or three days, but I have given him permission to write to you; and you will answer his letter yourself, modestly and gratefully accepting his proposals."

"But it's impossible, papa," Alison summoned spirit to reply, "there's Charlie Cuthbert's feelings to be considered and my own."

She was not allowed to say another word.

Feelings indeed! She had played on Mr. Polsden's, and she should atone for it in the only way that was in her power.

Unless she obeyed her father's commands and consented to wed that gentleman, Mr. Denley would never own her as his child again.

And he came towards her with such threatening looks and gestures, that Alison, shrieking with terror, fled to her mother, whom she entreated to interfere in her behalf.

But Mrs. Denley had not the courage to do that, and perhaps in her heart she thought she would rather see her daughter united to a man of independent means than to a hard-worked country doctor.

She had always liked Charlie Cuthbert, but he could not give Alison a house in town, a carriage, and a couple of hundred per annum pin-money.

Knowing these things, her attempts at consolation took the form of approving comments on Mr. Polsden's elegant manners and gentlemanly appearance, and on these topics she harped till Alison flung herself on her bed with her hands clasped over her ears, petulantly bidding her mother go away and not heighten her misery.

Pleading, and with truth, a miserable headache, the unhappy girl would have kept her room on the morrow, but Mr. Denley, regarding this course as a defiance of his authority, insisted that she should come down into the study, where he determined to keep watch and ward over her till her promise to become the bride of Everard Polsden had been written, signed, and despatched.

Alison might weep and beg for time, but her father prided himself on his firmness; and no matter how long the struggle lasted, it must and should end in her succumbing.

But strange to say, that ardent epistle which the first post was to bring from Alison's wooer was not amongst Mr. Denley's letters when he ostentatiously opened the bag before his shivering daughter.

"It would, it must arrive by the second post!" so Mr. Denley averred, but it did not; and Alison, thankful for the respite, was allowed to be in peace till the next morning.

But neither then nor for several days did any communication from Mr. Polsden reach the Tors.

Then a note in his somewhat stiff calligraphy was received by Alison's frowning, fretting parent, whose countenance did not clear as he read it, for it merely contained a polite regret that circumstances should have prevented his allying himself with a family she should always esteem, etc., and ended with an announcement that the writer intended wintering abroad.

Mr. Denley raged and stormed more violently than ever.

This so-called gentleman, he sneered, must have cooled off as soon as he learned that Alison would have no dowry, and this was the way he sneaked out of the affair.

But did he imagine that John Denley would sit down tamely under such an insult?

Where was his hat and coat? Pack a portmanteau directly; and find "Bradshaw," that he might go off to London and give this insolent puppy the lesson he deserved!

But his fury was checked by his nervous wife swooning in terror of what might be the result of his rash enterprise.

Mrs. Denley became so seriously ill that she had to be carried to bed, and a medical man summoned.

Dr. Cuthbert the elder being from home, his son came, and when he had attended to his patient, he pleaded his affection for Alison in such earnest, manly tones, that he gained a hearing.

"You may have her, young man," said Mr. Denley. "It shall never be said that a child of mine pined for such a fickle rascal as that Polsden. Make her a kind husband, and I shall have no reason to regret my good-nature."

Mrs. Denley recovered from her attack as soon as she found that her husband had relinquished the idea of calling Polsden to account, and Alison was happy.

But her felicity was brief. It only lasted twenty-four hours.

Her father, riding into the market-town, there encountered Mr. Polsden, and demanded explanations.

One look at his face when he came home sufficed to tell the group he found at tennis on the lawn that something was amiss; and Charlie Cuthbert dropped his racket to draw through his arm the hand of his trembling betrothed.

"Stand away from her!" vociferated Mr. Denley; "if she would deceive her father she would dupe you. I have just seen Polsden; he did write to her, and only withdrew his pretensions because he coupled with her silence a rumor of your attachment, repeated to him by some officious meddler."

"Papa, I never had that letter," Alison protested. "Indeed, I don't know anything about it."

Mr. Denley wheeled round to Charlie Cuthbert.

"Is it, then, your work? Is it by your trickery I have been induced to make myself ridiculous before half a dozen of my old friends, and my daughter deprived of an excellent match? Depend on it you shall never have her, so you may take your departure as soon as you like, and if ever I catch Alison speaking to you ——"

"Oh! papa, this is too cruel!" moaned the poor girl, sinking on her knees on the grass.

Little Rose, the family pet, ran to her directly, entreating her not to cry, and attempting to wipe away her tears with such a ragged handkerchief that the child thought it incumbent upon her to apologise for its condition.

"You'll not mind when you know it isn't my fault, will you, sister? That naughty dog Oscar ran off with it yesterday to his kennel, and when Tom got it out again with the rake there was one of papa's slippers there too, and some bits of paper and this big envelope—look at it!"

The letter in question was snatched from Rosie with a startled cry, and held up for Mr. Denley's inspection.

It was directed to Alison, and though one corner had been nibbled off, and all the contents bore the marks of the dog's teeth, they could still be deciphered.

It was signed Everard Polsden, and no one was to blame for its loss save the owner of the dog, who had always poohpoohed complaints of its mischievous tendencies and refused to have it chained up.

For once Mr. Denley was forced to acknowledge himself in the wrong, and he muttered something like an apology as he put Alison's hand in that of her lover.

Nor did he raise any objections when Charlie Cuthbert begged that an early date might be fixed for the nuptials, though he fretfully expressed a hope that his daughters would live and die old maids, as he had had quite enough of "Proposals of Marriage."

A ROMANTIC COURTSHIP.—Five years ago, a current anecdote has it, a young woman named Florence Gray was employed in a hat factory at Nyack, N. Y. While joking with several other girls in the factory one day she said she was going to put her name in one of the hats on which she was working. She carried out the idea, and wrote: "Florence Gray, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.," on a slip of paper, put it under the band in a hat, and soon forgot the circumstance. The hat containing the name found its way to Minneapolis, and was purchased by a Mr. Germain. That gentleman soon came across the slip of paper bearing the name of Miss Gray, and after awhile put it between the leaves of a book. He forgot about Miss Gray until several months afterward, when one day he was reading the book and the slip of paper fell out on the floor. He at once felt a deeper interest in the matter than he had at first done, and was inquisitive to know who Miss Florence Gray was; so he wrote a letter to her address, telling her how the card came into his possession, and expressing a desire to hear more of the young lady. The result was an interesting correspondence between the couple, and now, it is related, Miss Gray that was has become Mrs. Germain, and lives happily with her husband in Minneapolis.

THOSE who are surly and imperious to their inferiors are generally humble, flattering, and cringing to their superiors.

Scientific and Useful.

OLD CLOTHES.—Two ounces of common tobacco boiled in a gallon of water is used by the dealers for renovating old clothes. The stuff is rubbed on with a brush. The goods are nicely cleaned, and, strange to add, no tobacco smell remains.

WALL DECORATION.—A new kind of wall decoration has come into favor in France. These consist of double sheets of glass, the inner surface of the under sheet being painted in oil-color, in imitation of lapis-lazuli, jasper, onyx, or some other costly stone. They are used like tiles, for walls, wainscots, ornamental pavements, cabinet furniture, and the like.

SEWERS AND CHIMNEYS.—In Carlisle, Eng., tall factory chimneys are being utilized as sewer ventilators with good results, twenty-nine now being used. The velocity of the rising air has been measured and found to be 1202 feet a minute in ordinary weather. The owners of the factories make no objection to this use of their chimneys, and the practice seems to meet with general approval.

STEEL CARS.—The Steel Car Company is said to be constructing a fire-proof steel car at Boston, which will contain nothing that can burn except the upholstery, and even that is constructed of uninflammable material. Not only immunity from fire, but an increase in strength, a decrease in liability to telescope and diminished dead weight are expected to be some of the good features of the new car.

THE NEW METHOD.—A medical journal states that new experiments have changed old theories upon the best method of treating frost bites. A physician froze sixty dogs into a condition of completely suspended animation; twenty of these were treated by the usual method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, and of these fourteen perished; twenty were treated in a warm apartment, and eight of these died; while of the remaining twenty, which were put at once into a hot bath, all recovered.

BRICK FRAMES.—A construction detail that is gaining much popularity in numerous Western cities is the bricking in of frame houses. The building is sided up with matched stuff, as if complete, then a brick face wall, four inches thick, is laid in contact with the exterior, tied on by spikes about every sixth course. A boy distributes them all around on the top of the wall. They are laid in the mortar-bed ready, and driven through into the siding till the heads are flush with the face of the wall, when the next courses are laid, and so on. The walls present the appearance of solid masonry, are durable, and, as they add to the warmth of the buildings, seem to present substantial recommendations, especially in severe climates.

Farm and Garden.

SOIL CAPACITY.—Add to the capacity of your farm by adding to the strength of the soil. Many farms of fifty acres produce more and are more easily cultivated than other farms of one hundred acres. If you can double the productiveness of your farm you will more than double its value.

WASTE.—Much that is often allowed to go to waste upon the farm could profitably be gathered up and made into good fertilizer, and applied to the land to aid and increase the yield of the crops. Give, as far as possible, the kind to each crop best adapted to secure the best growth and yield.

THE CUTTING-BOX.—The cutting-box saves waste of food. All food should be cut, which enables the farmer to mix it with ground grain, and thereby rendering it more palatable. All provender fed in this uncut condition is subject to loss. Much of it is thrown on the floor and trampled, while portions will be uneaten. The saving of food will more than pay for the labor of cutting.

PLANTS.—For plants that are weak give them an application of manure-water once a week, but it should be well diluted. This applies to shrubs, roses and other single plants. Manure-water is too filthy for house plants. A substitute may be had by adding a tablespoonful of equal parts of saltpetre and superphosphate to a quart of water. Occasionally sprinkle a small quantity of ashes around the plants.

TREES.—It ought not to be forgotten that cutting out the dead wood can be done at any season of the year without injury. During the summer is a good time to attend to this work, as the dead limbs can be very plainly seen. Take pains to do thorough work.——You cannot hope or expect that a tender young tree will stand without care and attention. A tree is hardy and strong when it becomes old and its roots are thoroughly established in the soil; but when it is young you must attend to it or lose it.

THE BEST RESULTS.—The experience of the closest students in dairying is that less corn meal and more comfort in the way of clean, warm stables, to promote animal heat, and more bran, oats, etc., are the cheapest and best cow rations. If we expect the cow to play the double part of cow and steer, stuff the corn meal into her, the more the better, and get her to the block as soon as possible, in order to sell the butter and beef at the same time; but if she is expected to be a dairy cow treat her like the cow and mother; feed like a mother, and on the foods that mothers require, not a bullock's ration, and we may in time become dairymen and get dairymen's profits.

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Talk and Small Talk.

Speech has been variously defined as a means of expressing our thoughts and as a means of concealing them. No doubt both these definitions frequently apply; but there is much speech which cannot properly be included under either of them; and this is the speech used neither to express a thought nor yet to conceal any, but only to testify to a general sense of friendliness.

The quality of this speech is as a rule beneath contempt; but this is not to be wondered at when we consider that, not only is it a rare faculty to be able to utter clever things when the promptings to speak comes not from the intellect but from the heart, but, further, that the utterance of profound or pregnant sayings would defeat the object of the sort of speech we are considering.

If, wishing to show friendliness by greeting an acquaintance, we should substitute for the usual meaningless commonplace some remark of philosophic, poetic or scientific import, we should, even if we carefully avoided any controversial matter, in all probability succeed only in bewildering and displeasing the person to whom we wished to show benevolent feeling; and the aim of greeting is not to impart knowledge, nor even to gratify the intellect, but merely to express neighborly feeling.

The unimportance of the words used is to be seen in the fact that it is considered absurd to reply to the common question, "How do you do?" and that the even commonor wish for a good morning, evening or night is seldom, if ever, realized as a wish by the speaker.

But, after all, greetings are short, rarely extending to more than the exchange of half a dozen phrases, and the fact that they are verbally meaningless is not of any importance, except to the student of speech.

But there is a worse, because more sustained, kind of small-talk which has a demoralizing effect on the mental character. This is the talk that ensues when people meet, say, at an entertainment, a morning call, or any such occasion, when custom has decreed that a flow of talk must be maintained under penalty of giving offense to others.

"If you have nothing to say, say it," appears to be an excellent maxim; but those who have attempted to put it in practice know its terrible consequences.

As a rule, only the very inexperienced and timid refrain from speech at social gatherings, because the remarks which occur to them seem unworthy of being vocalized; and their humility is almost invariably imputed to them as stupidity, scornfulness, or even positive ill-breeding. Hence it frequently happens that we find it a social necessity to multiply idle words, and this habit of talking when we have nothing to say, when, possibly, we are thinking of quite different things, is a very injurious one; especially as, like all other habits, it asserts itself on occasions of a less trivial kind than those on which it is formed.

The qualities of accuracy and sincerity are both imperilled by such conversation; for to speak accurately and sincerely on random topics is only to be achieved by a conscientious care that is too fatiguing to be habitually employed by small-talkers.

Conversation among persons who are very intimate should be the best conversation, as no one need speak unless he feels impelled so to do by the stirring of thought within; but the inveterate small-talker has lost the power of distinguishing between the talk that expresses thoughts and the talk that merely articulates sounds.

His idea of talking is confined to the practice of "making" conversation; even in argument he passes much time in repeating what has been said in slightly different words; and when no subject is under discussion, and when he is not gifted with high talents, the grotesque artifices to which he is sometimes reduced would be absurd if they were not so irritating. If he only talked, and said nothing that insisted on answers, he might more easily be forgiven; but this is rarely his way.

A small talker calls these atrocious delinquencies conversational talent, and because it is sometimes necessary to speak idly, thinks it is a good deed to do so at all times rather than maintain a wholesome silence. But, indeed, others besides these obvious criminals sin in speaking idly.

Small talk has its uses in expressing indefinite friendliness, though even this would probably be better expressed by some inarticulate sound, if we could only agree on one; but it should never be forgotten that small talk—or talk of no consequence—is in itself of less than no value, and that if on all occasions, except those of necessity, we put our energies to improving our ideas rather than to uttering words; in short, if we talked less and thought more, we and our friends would in all cases be much the better for it.

The opinions expressed of society as a whole are a tolerably fair criterion of the character of the one who holds them. It is the man of unflinching integrity who has the most faith in the general honesty of the community—a faith not shaken by the occasional experience he meets of the reverse. It is the unscrupulous and slippery man who suspects roguery in every quarter and ridicules the very idea of disinterestedness. He who complains that the world is hollow and heartless unconsciously confesses his own lack of sympathy, while he who believes that people as a whole are kindly and humane is certain to have the milk of human kindness in his own nature.

Beauty has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it, and something to the embellishments which set it off; and yet, when the whole apology is read, it will be found at last that beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

No man requires to practice unselfishness more than the silent man; for, as everybody is able to contribute, and ought to contribute, something, so the man who thrusts himself into society to enjoy the talk of others, and will take no trouble to help, to suggest, or to encourage, is really a serious criminal. These silent people not only take all they can get in society for nothing, but they take it without the smallest gratitude, and have the audacity afterwards to censure those who have labored for their amusement.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper and deeper.

Out of the ashes of misanthropy benevolence rises again; we may find many virtues where we had imagined all was vice, many acts of disinterested friendship where we had fancied all was calculation and fraud—and so gradually from the two extremes we pass to the proper medium; and, feeling that no human being is wholly good or wholly base, we learn that true knowledge of mankind which induces us to expect little and forgive much. The world cures alike the optimist and the misanthrope.

All jealousy, suspicion, and selfish sensitiveness are fatal to friendship. The man who is looking for slights will surely find or fancy them, and by his want of trust will drive the heart of his friend from him. It is indeed a confession of selfish weakness when one laments that he is not loved or prized as he desires to be. Let him dismiss such unworthy reflections, and inquire instead whether he is himself that loving, devoted, and generous friend that he wishes another to be to him.

Socrates, in the Phædon, makes a great difference between virtue and habit, with regard to the allotments hereafter. He says that a person who behaves well from a moral principle shall be entitled to an infinitely higher reward than one who fills up the same measure of duty from use or exercise. This is a fine reflection in a Pagan. The Christian divines carry their distinction much farther, by giving the same advantage to religion over morals that Socrates does to morals over habit.

Rudeness is justly considered as a social crime. The ill-bred person has no place in the social fabric, and he should be as much excluded from polite life as should the criminal from the business transactions of honest men. Beautiful manners are the fine inflorescence of all forms of art. Noble sculpture, beautiful paintings, the harmony of music, the charm of intellectual gifts, all find their highest and most potent expression in manner.

Impatience is the principal cause of most of our irregularities and extravagances. I would sometimes have paid a guinea to be at some particular ball or assembly, and something has prevented my going there. After it was over, I would not give a shilling to have been there. I would pay a crown at any time for a venison ordinary. But after having dined on beef or mutton, I would not give a penny to have had it venison.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind from the moment he told him that he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success; we often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery. Horne Tooke used to say of his studies in intellectual philosophy, that he had become all the better acquainted with the country through having had the good luck sometimes to lose his way.

We should rule ourselves with a firm hand. Being our own master means often that we are at liberty to be the slaves of our own follies, caprices and passions. Generally speaking, a man cannot have a worse or more tyrannical master than himself.

We seem to have four kinds of people—those who are moving forward, those who are on the move back, those who are standing still, and those who are going to start in some direction soon.

The difference there is betwixt honor and honesty seems to be chiefly the motive; the mere honest man does that from duty which the man of honor does for the sake of character.

As it has been finely expressed, "Principle is a passion for truth." And as an earlier and homelier writer hath it, "The truths we believe in are the pillars of our world."

The World's Happenings.

A Connecticut firm is making ink out of green apples.

"Caress" is the name of a new postoffice in West Virginia.

A McKeesport goat killed itself by butting its head against a pole.

Transplanting teeth has been revived. It was done 25 or 30 years ago in rare cases.

A machine has been invented to make change by electricity, with a saving to cash boys and girls.

A wealthy citizen of Milwaukee is going to build a palatial residence modelled after an English castle.

A cat fell into a well at Akron, Ohio, and in fishing her out the owner brought up a satchel and $200 in cash.

Two thieves who broke into a New Orleans feed store and opened the safe got $300 in Confederate notes for their pains.

A suit for the value of two hogs has just been settled in Logansport, Ind., the costs amounting to over two thousand dollars.

Two houses are being erected at Parkersburg, in this State, which will have paper walls, paper partitions and paper roofs.

In Liberty county, Ga., a young man is attending school, and two of his children go with him. He stands at the head of his class.

At Oil City, Pa., lightning struck a house, and, while sparing all its human occupants, got away with all the nine lives of their cat.

Physicians say that a bare upper lip is injurious to the eyes, the mustache serving to break the downward fall of one's vision somewhat.

The most ancient manufactories are said to be the glass works of Venice and Murano, which have had an uninterrupted existence of 12 centuries.

At Dayton, Ohio, recently, a hot electric wire got entangled with a telephone wire, and the communicated current straightway destroyed 600 telephones.

Mrs. Erbe, an Ohio bride of six weeks, wants a divorce because her husband has failed to do all that he promised to do, all that he promised during his courting.

Smoothing-irons are of late invention. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I., large stones, inscribed with texts of Scripture were used for that purpose.

The deaf often hear conversations when there is music going on which they could not hear when there was no music. With "hearing" persons the reverse is the case.

Mrs. Mary Hamilton, aged 60 years, has become violently insane, so it is said by a Pittsburg paper, "through sickness resulting from eating decayed fruit and vegetables, taken from garbage barrels."

Chinese remedies are decidedly simple and practical. A Chinese dentist says as long as you keep a bit of ignited charcoal applied to the sole of your foot you will cease to feel the pain of a toothache.

A woman fell into a mill-pond and when she was rescued a large fish was entangled in her wire bustle. Her husband, an enthusiastic lover of piscatorial sport, wanted to set her again, but she would not consent.

Miguel Cordova, a Spaniard in San Francisco, has a thousand finger rings from all quarters of the globe, representing every nation and age; the most valuable collection in the United States, if not in the world.

A colored man, who has turned up at Indianapolis, must have a good appetite if it be true that he eats anything—"live hens, beer glasses, necks of wine bottles, etc., and claims to have eaten 36 boiled eggs at one sitting."

A Maine paper says that "one of the amusing sights in Augusta on circus-day was a strapping youth at the ticket stand demanding a half-fare ticket, with the family Bible tucked under his arm to substantiate his claim."

By a recent invention terra cotta is transmogrified into wood, that is to say, it can be used as such in all the ways that wood is used. It is said that it may be sawed, turned, tongued and grooved with the same tools as pine, and can be nailed.

The residents of the northeast section of Washington, D. C., have organized an Anti-Bob-Tail Car Association, with the avowed object of waging war against the one-horse street railway car as it flourishes at present in their neighborhood.

"The Musical Tubes" is a new instrument consisting of an octave of tubes hung from a frame, which on being struck by a hammer produce exquisite sounds. It is stated that peals, changes and tunes may be readily played without a knowledge of music.

A tobacco company has manufactured a leather-bound book which its agents lose on New York streets in large numbers. It is the fac-simile of a bank book, with the name of the depositor written on it. The ends of checks appear between the leaves. The finder opens it only to be informed of the virtues of a certain brand of tobacco.

This advertisement recently appeared in an Ithaca, N. Y., newspaper: "Baseball and Baptism. A game of ball will be played at Cayuga Lake Park next Saturday afternoon between the Y. M. C. A. nine, of Ithaca, and the Mynderse Academy nine, of Seneca Falls. At the conclusion of the game will occur the baptizing in the lake of converts of the colored camp meeting."

The following simple precaution is suggested by a Western exchange: "In retiring for the night spread newspapers loosely upon the stairways and in front of the doorways and windows. The noise produced at the dead of night by treading on crackling newspapers, or attempting to remove them from the pathway, be the burglar ever so stealthy and expert, is sufficient to give almost any sleeper notice of the presence and whereabouts of the midnight foe.

THEN AND NOW.

BY J. C.

Dost thou remember, love, how pale and wan
This lakelet ere the wintry days were gone,
With one green isle of glistening lily-leaves!

Dost thou remember, love, that starless night
When the winds ceased their sighing, in affright,
And birds were silent under cottage eaves?

Remembering, strive a moment, love, to guess
The woe of hearts unloved, their loneliness,
Their deathless pain no hour of rest relieves.

* * * * * * *

How gleams the lake now in the summer light,
While drifting lilies, golden-hued and white,
Fling back a kindred splendor to the sun!

Ere that great darkness awed us into fear,
The silver moon soared slowly, full and clear,
To skies where night was ended, just begun.

So mayst thou know how gladly I saw afar
Thy own sweet face shine like a splendid star:
What peace closed round me when the prize was won.

A House-Boat.

BY MRS. H. CAMERON.

THERE she is again! Look! look Make haste, Edgar, you'll miss her."

"Great heavens, Jim! what an ass you are! Do you mean to say you are still demented over that utterly and entirely 'impossible She?' "

"I swear to you that I saw the top of a red parasol!" cried Jim Norris excitedly.

"Is that a woman?" drawled his friend languidly.

"Of course. Can a parasol be a man? It came up just as it did yesterday for one instant on to the upper deck, then it bobbed down again and disappeared. I suppose she caught sight of me. Haven't you got energy enough to get up from your beastly ham and eggs and take the trouble to look out?"

"No, I haven't," answered Edgar Brereton, laughing lazily as he helped himself to toast; "not for a chimera of your idiotic brain, my dear fellow. You say she caught sight of you—did you see her?"

"No, not exactly; but when one sees a red sunshade up-hoisted, any fool knows for certain that there must be a woman underneath it."

"Not necessarily. I've known red umbrellas, and white ones too, carried with great effect by male beings of the most unseductive appearance. In India, for instance——"

"Oh, blow India! I say, Ned, let's get the dingey and pull a bit up stream, and then drop down slowly again in shore, so as to get a good look at the 'Waterwitch.' "

This was said quite sweetly and coaxingly.

Edgar Brereton got up from the breakfast table, stretched himself slowly, filled his pipe deliberately, and, tucking the Times under his arm, came out to the saloon door.

The two house-boats lay in a row one behind the other, but not near enough together to distinguish accurately from the one the objects that might be upon the other.

The "Esmeralda" lay furthest down stream, the "Waterwitch" behind her. From the after-swim of the "Esmeralda," where the two young men sat smoking under the striped awning, there was nothing to be seen of the "Waterwitch" save her kitchen end, where an old man was washing up plates and wringing out some glass cloth over the bows.

There were also upon the upper deck a brilliant array of gay-colored flowers in red and yellow pots, and a fantastic Japanese awning with drooping curtains, which were generally let closely down, so as to form an almost entirely closed-in tent directly the sun got at all high in the heavens.

Just at present it was early morning, and the curtains were furled. There was a delicious freshness in the air, and a beautiful summer peace upon the landscape.

The village over on the further bank seemed yet hardly to be awake; the faint plash of our oars scarce broke the stillness with an occasional murmur of life; one could almost hear the cows in the meadow hard by as they munched their way through the buttercup-spangled meadow, and not even a faint and distant cry of "Lo-o-o-ck!" had on this serenest Saturday mornings as yet rent the silent air with inharmonious echoes.

"Bother your woman, Jim," growled Brereton, stretching himself on his back upon the rugs, with his pipe in his mouth, his Eton blue cap well over his eyes, and his legs crossed one over the other, so that the uppermost stuck out like a white flannelled pollard willow, in inelegant and thoroughly unpoetical ease. "To begin with, I'm not going to stir. On a day like this, when a fellow gets only one whole holiday in the week, he can't be expected to mug up stream the very moment he has swallowed his breakfast in order to look after an invisible woman. To go on with, it's quite certain there is no woman. Haven't we been here three weeks, and have we ever seen a living soul except that decrepit old Charon, who is washing up the plates, on board the 'Waterwitch?' Haven't I even sent Gribble to entice him into conversation and to question him, just to please you? and didn't he bring back word that the 'Waterwitch' has been taken by a gentleman—a gentleman, mark you!—who is unable to get out of town just yet, and who has placed the aforesaid Charon on board her to 'mind' her, as he calls it?"

"How, then, do you account for a red sunshade?" cried Jim Norris excitedly.

"Charon's wife probably."

"Fiddlesticks! Old women of that class don't sport red parasols."

"Then, perchance, Charon is a gay dog, and has enticed the smart maiden from the village post office to come out and solace his solitude."

Jim vouchsafed no reply to this irrational suggestion.

He only twisted himself about and lay upon his stomach, resting his chin in his fists, and staring moodily at the bows of the mysterious vessel.

Mr. Brereton settled himself yet more squarely upon his back, kicked up his left leg yet higher at a right angle to it, and buried his whole being, with a comfortable sense of peace and idleness, behind the outspread sheets of his newspaper.

They were, perhaps, the two most dissimilar men upon the face of the earth, and yet they were the greatest friends. It was strange what could have made them so, for on almost every point they were a total contrast to one another.

They differed in tastes, in thought, in feeling; even in the matter of age there was a good ten years between them, and in their physique and general appearance they were as widely apart from one another as everything else.

Edgar Brereton was a big, broad-shouldered giant—slow in manner and somewhat languid and indolent in action—yet, for all that, he was a thorough sportsman, a splendid horseman, and an unerring shot.

Jim Norris, on the contrary, was small and wiry and full of enthusiasm and "go." He was keenly eager for excitement and adventure, yet in matters of sport he was a failure, being a wretched rider and having never been known to hit a haystack in his life.

He loved society, London life and London ladies, was always in love with the latest professional beauty, or about to propose to the youngest of the *debutantes*.

But Brereton hated society, and may almost be said to have hated women too—so assiduously did he avoid them, and so cruelly bitter were sometimes his remarks concerning them.

For there was over and above that matter of the ten years between himself and his friend something else, which upon one subject sundered them wide as the poles from one another. Jim was as gay as youth and spirits and an absolutely light heart could make him.

He was impressionable, but he had never suffered. He fell madly in love with a dark-eyed Alice one week and forsook her for a fair-haired Florence the week after. All women attracted him; none had the power to fix him.

In short, his heart had never been touched.

But as regards Edgar it was a very different matter. He was a man with a history.

He had been married. Most people believed him to be a widower. He had been in the furnace, and been badly burnt.

There was no longer question of *amourettes* and of light fancies any more for him upon earth.

Jim knew that his friend had had trouble, but he did not know in the least of what nature the trouble had been, although he had rightly divined that it was a bitterness of altogether another kind than death, which had cost his friend the young wife whom for eighteen months of happiness he had idolized with no ordinary adoration.

But, whatever it was that had happened, it had all taken place a very long time ago—eight years at the very least, and long before Jim had ever met him, so that he did not bother himself very much about it.

Edgar Brereton never talked about it himself.

Only one man on earth knew the rights of it, and he was a proverbially silent solicitor, who dwelt in Lincoln's Inn, and through whose consciousness had filtered many a story of misery and shame, but surely never a sadder one than this.

The story of a young couple united in the full flush of youth and love, and with the general approbation of friends, only to be parted for ever within a year of their wedding day; the husband to go in quest of a golden chance of fortune on the other side of the world, and the wife to wait in lonely patience until he could either send for her to join him or else return to his bride.

There were no doubts and suspicions, no agonies of a faltering faith, or throes of hideous jealousy to prepare him for what was to come.

Only one day six months later the news came, in a letter from his father—his wife, his darling, his beautiful snow-white angel, who had appeared to love him so truly, had gone from him!—gone from her home and her friends in the company of a dissolute and broken-down gambler, whose infamous character was a matter of notoriety, and who though well connected, long was shunned and disowned by every respectable man and woman who had ever known him.

Long ago this very man had attempted to cheat at cards in a house where Edgar had met him, and he had expressed to his wife his horror and detestation of him. And yet it was for this miserable creature that his beautiful innocent-minded wife had left him!—left him without compunction and without explanation.

He would not sue her for a divorce. He took a strange and unusual course. He would have no publicity—no open scandal—no dragging of her name into a court of law.

The agony of that, to a proud man who had loved blindly and been betrayed, would have perhaps only doubled his pain.

She was merely to be dead to him. She was to change her name in consideration of a sum of money which was to be settled upon her for life, in order that she might never be in actual want; and he was to hear of her no more.

Those were his orders telegraphed home to the discreet solicitor, who in vain urged upon him a more ordinary course in action.

And then he wrote her one letter. What that letter was no one ever knew save him and her, but it may be presumed that it was hard enough and bitter enough, and that it precluded all possibility of further communication between them.

Mrs. Brereton apparently acquiesced in the verdict against her, for she sent no answer, not so much as one single line in reply to the cruel letter which accused her and which condemned her all at once; only she did not come back to England, and she was heard of by her friends no more.

And Edgar Brereton had brain fever and lay for weeks between life and death, so that when he came back at length to the everyday life of this troublesome world, there lay between him and his past a great chasm as it were, which divided him for ever from his former self and from the story of his brief married life and the catastrophe of its ending.

He wandered about the world for some years, then he came home, went into a business in London, which by a stroke of fortune made a comparatively rich man of him—met Jim Norris one day, and took a fancy to him, and took him into partnership for friendship's sake.

And so it came to pass that they grew to spend their summer months together, and that Brereton having this year rented a house-boat, they found themselves together upon it early in June going up to London to their work nearly every day, and spending their Saturdays and Sundays in the delicious luxury of complete idleness.

There is very little to occupy the mind in a river life.

Edgar was quite content to let his mind remain a blank, but Jim could not exist without excitement. The mysterious appearance of the "Waterwitch," who must have cast her anchor in the middle of the night, and was discovered as soon as it was daylight lying serenely and silently at her moorings behind them one day about ten days ago, was enough to send him into transports of curiosity and expectation.

But the "Waterwitch" might in very truth have been bewitched herself—so silently did she lie upon the bosom of the waters, and so jealously did she guard the secret of her inhabitants.

The white swans that went sailing about her with interest and anxiety, craning their long graceful necks to look up at the cabin windows, and vainly hoping for that practical form of notice which the river folk are apt to bestow on them, were not more devoured by curiosity and more filled with disgust and disappointment at the paucity of their discoveries than was our friend Jim.

It was really a maddening thing to him that for many days he had never succeeded in spying a living creature upon the "Waterwitch" save that uncommunicative old man who was always washing up or peeling potatoes in the afterswim.

At length the red parasol began to be heard of. I say to be "heard of" advisedly, for although Jim swore he saw it and raved of it incessantly, Edgar had never yet been able to catch a glimpse of it, and frequently declared it was nothing more than a fever-stricken image upon his friend's overwrought brain.

Nevertheless, watch as he might, Jim never succeeded in catching a real sight of the mysterious owner of that red sunshade.

It was his belief that she only came out at night, or at such hours as he and Brereton were up in town. What she did with herself—how she spent her time, when she disported herself abroad and left the seclusion of her closely-curtained habitation, or, in fact, whether she existed at all in the flesh, but merely as the shadow of a red cotton umbrella, were questions to which for all his vigilance he had been unable to find satisfactory answers.

On this particular day, however, great things were destined to happen. To begin with, just as the friends were finishing their morning pipe a small boy appeared upon the opposite bank waving a telegraphic envelope wildly above his head and uttering cries destined to attract attention to his presence.

Charon and Gribble instantly appeared, each in his respective back premises, and hallooed.

"Who for?"

"Hesmuraulder!" shouted back the youth on bank. And Charon disappeared whilst Gribble made ready the dingey and went across to fetch the telegram.

It proved to be for Brereton, from a hysterically disposed widowed sister of whose only son he was the guardian.

The boy had got into some youthful scrape. Edgar must come at once.

Edgar swore smotheredly and grumbled loudly.

"Just like a woman! Not a bit of consideration for anybody but herself. As if Monday wouldn't have done every bit as well! Now I shall have to grind up to town on a Saturday afternoon when everybody is coming out of it!"

But all the time he was divesting himself of his flannels, and getting himself into London apparel, for he was the most good-natured creature in the world, and would as soon have thought of refusing a woman's request as of overdrawing his banker's account.

"I shan't be back till to-morrow," he said as he jumped out of the punt in which Jim had conveyed him to the shore. "You can expect me by the early train. Ta, ta, old boy! take care of the ship, and don't make too much love to the mystery under the red umbrella in my absence!"

Left to his own devices, Mr. Norris employed his day in attending a lawn-tennis party in the neighborhood to which he happened to have an invitation.

At this festivity he made himself invaluable, handed about tea and bread and butter, conducted old ladies to their carriages, played tennis when he was wanted, and gave up his racket to new comers when he was not.

In addition he contrived not only to look unutterable things at his pretty hostess and to insinuate himself very much into her good graces, but to start an entirely new and exciting flirtation with a melancholy young widow who was her guest, whilst he furthermore succeeded during the afternoon in snatching a kiss from the clergyman's youngest daughter, who was reckoned to be the belle of the neighborhood and whom he maliciously inveigled into a shaded and secluded shrubbery path solely with the dire intent of carrying out the above mentioned piece of villainy.

Altogether he had a very good time of it indeed—stayed to a cold supper and champagne amongst the intimate friends of the house after every one else had de-

parted—squeezed the widow's hand under the tablecloth during that meal, and was finally pressed to come again on the earliest opportunity in the most flattering terms by his host and hostess.

He went back in the long dusk of the summer evening, feeling somewhat elated and altogether very much pleased with himself and his achievements.

When he reached the river bank, opposite the spot where the house-boats lay moored, what was his astonishment to see the "Waterwitch" illuminated brilliantly from end to end.

Jim rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming. There were colored lanterns in festoons upon the upper deck, and a brilliant yellow glow streamed out of every window of saloon and cabin along the whole length of the boat.

Such a thing had never been seen before.

"Gribble! Do you see that!" he whispered nervously to the faithful henchman of the "Esmeralda," who was waiting for him by the landing stage.

"Yes, sir. Can't make it out nohow. I thought the 'Waterwitch' must be a-fire when I first saw that there flare-up; but it seems it be only a feet."

Gribble meant a "*fete*."

"Who is on board her, then? Has her owner come down at last?—the gentleman in town that you were told she belonged to?"

"Deuce a living soul have left that there house-boat the whole day, sir; nor have so much as a water-rat gone aboard her! It's my belief she's haunted," replied Gribble with energy.

They were nearing the "Waterwitch" at every stroke of the oars. Not a living thing was to be seen upon her.

Not a sound was to be heard. Close muslin draperies veiled all the windows, so that nothing save the faint outlines of a couple of hanging lamps, and of a long eastern-looking hammock swung across the saloon, could be seen from without.

But Jim Norris set his teeth hard. He was determined to get to the bottom of it. He had supped well, and his host's champagne had been irreproachable; the generous liquor had warmed his blood and flooded his veins with an unwonted courage.

He meant to find out all about the "Waterwitch" to-night, or die in the attempt.

There was no Edgar to thwart his purpose or to mock at his high-flown romancings. He was all alone, and was burning for adventure.

It was only 10 o'clock, quite early for a moonlight upon the Thames. He would go forth in quest of the unknown, and solve the mystery of the inscrutable "Waterwitch."

He wished Gribble a civil good-night. "I shan't want you any more, Gribble; you can go to bed."

"Thank ye, sir."

Gribble tied up the skiff and retired to his own diggings. Jim waited till he was safely shut up in his cabin and all was still.

Then, like a thief, he crept forth again, softly loosened the punt with as little noise as possible, and with a couple of vigorous strokes swung himself up stream to within a few yards of the illuminated house-boat.

He peered cautiously in at the lighted window of the cabin, but the muslin curtains were so close and thick he could discern nothing clearly, save the gentle sway of the hammock as it swung slightly to and fro with what have been only the breeze of the summer night, but might also very well have been the breathing of some one within it.

Fired by this thought, our friend, who felt himself to be a very Haroun Al Raschid in quest of midnight adventures, softly propelled himself up to the further end of the house-boat.

Here, with quickened pulses and a certain rush of heat to the brain at his own unparalleled temerity, he fastened his punt, and stepped noiselessly on to the afterswim of the "Waterwitch."

Thick amber satin curtains looped back by gilded chains draped the saloon door. Jim crept forward on tiptoe, his heart beating tumultuously. With one hand he drew aside the curtains and peeped in.

A blaze of warm red light, rose-tinted hanging lamps, wax candles upon the walls, little fairy lights upon every table and in every corner, was the first thing that met his eyes.

Next he became conscious of a profusion of flowers—roses and carnations in bowls and vases—azalea bushes in full bloom in pots upon the floor, and delicate stephanotis blossom in sprays on every bracket and shelf, that filled the atmosphere with an almost overpowering richness of perfume, so that his senses were enslaved and his eyes bewildered as he entered.

Then something more wonderful by far than the radiance of the light, and ten times more enthralling than the glory of the flowers, revealed itself all at once to him—a woman, young, graceful, and dazzling beautiful, reclined in the hammock, and when Jim had once looked at her he could at nothing else.

She was dressed in white—a sort of ideal boating dress of softest tissue, draped in folds which veiled whilst they delineated her beautiful form from her throat to her feet.

A white sailor hat lay on the ground by her side, as though she had just flung it from her head; one tiny foot, clad in Russia leather, hung over the side of the hammock, and with a gentle movement of a pointed toe swung her to and fro in her resting-place.

A wealth of golden hair crowned her white brow, a smile curved her red lips—by all the laws of romance and poetry she should have been asleep. She was nothing of the sort.

Her eyes, large and violet-hued and limpid, were wide open, and were fixed upon him as he entered, not in surprise or in anger at his intrusion, but in cheer, amusement and pleasure.

"Here you are at last!" she said, as he entered. "I thought you would come to-night."

Jim colored up to the roots of his hair.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" he stammered. "I assure you I had no idea—I was quite unaware—I thought no one was lying on this house-boat, and seeing so much light on board I fancied——"

The beautiful lady laughed softly and somewhat mockingly.

"Oh no, you fancied nothing! You knew quite well that there was somebody on board the 'Waterwitch,' for you saw my sunshade, which quite excited you, I believe, and you came to-night—well, because I intended you to come, Mr. Norris!"

"You know my name?" cried Jim aghast.

"Of course. And all about you. I knew you were by yourself this evening, and I hoped to attract you here—it is an opportunity I have been waiting for."

"Great heavens!"

Jim was perhaps a conceited little man, but all his vanity had never yet led him to such a pitch as this—that this beautiful creature had been awaiting the opportunity of seeing him alone!

He passed his hand across his fevered brow and gasped. The lady sat bolt upright in her hammock.

"Do not be frightened," she said very seriously, and all at once there was a pathos in her beautiful blue eyes and a solemnity of purpose in her face which told him that here was no mere summer-night's adventure, but a chapter out of the great drama of human life. "I am not going to make love to you—do not be alarmed. I am only a very unhappy woman who throws herself upon you for help, because from all I have heard of you you are the one person in all the world who can help me."

"I will do anything on earth that lies in my power to help you," replied Jim fervently. If she had described herself as an enchanted princess, and had requested him to slay a fiery dragon, engage a giant in single combat, or fling himself headlong over the adjoining weir in order to deliver her from the bonds of some magic spell, he would not have been in the very least surprised.

He was quite prepared for anything her next words might disclose to him in any line, and made up his mind at once to perish heroically in her service.

What she did say was not in the very least what he had expected her to say, and it had much the effect of a pail of cold water thrown over his head.

"I want you to contrive for me an interview with Mr. Brereton to-morrow evening—don't stare so!" for Jim simply collapsed upon a blue satin couch behind him. "I am going to be very frank with you. I have followed Edgar Brereton half over the world unknown to him. I love him with my whole heart and soul."

Poor Jim felt that this was very hard upon him.

"I must speak to him, for I cannot endure my pain any longer. I am very unhappy," and she wrung her beautiful hands together. Jim pulled himself together with an effort, and endeavored to forget his own blasted hopes.

"Madam," he replied hesitatingly, "I will, of course, do everything in my power to assist your cause with my friend—but—I think I ought to tell you that I fear your passion is misplaced and perfectly hopeless. Edgar Brereton is a woman-hater."

"Ah!" She clasped her hands together ecstatically.

"He never speaks to a woman if he can possibly help it—he hates the very sight of a petticoat—or, I may add, of a parasol."

Her face grew radiant with joy, her lips murmured inaudible things—her eyes shone with unutterable delight. Jim began to think she must be mad, to be so glad at what he had intended as a damper to her ardor.

Suddenly she drew from her finger a gold ring of quaint and ancient workmanship.

"Take this," she said, holding it out to him, "and tell him that a woman who can explain the one mystery he would give his life to know will meet him and tell him everything to-morrow night when the moon is up, upon the islet where the swans build, opposite the ferry. When he sees the ring he will come, because you will, if necessary, remind him that he once swore an oath upon that ring which his honor commands him not to break."

Jim rose bewildered and passed his hand feebly over his head.

"Shall I not tell him your name?"

She smiled faintly and sadly.

"I have no name," she replied. "Good-night, Mr. Norris, you are a good fellow, and you will never regret that you have done at least one good action in your life."

Jim wished her good-night and went. He was not at all a wiser man than when he had boarded the "Waterwitch," but he was very decidedly a sadder one.

The Sunday was gloriously hot. Edgar Brereton came back early from town—tumbled out of his cloth garments and into his flannels with all speed, and lay upon his back under the awning upon the upper deck.

Very few words passed between the friends. Jim was strangely reticent, and told him nothing of his night's adventure, only after a little while he gave him the ring.

When he saw it Edgar turned first very white, and then very red.

"Where did you get it?" he asked sharply.

"A woman gave it to me."

"Who was she?"

"I don't know." Then he delivered his message, adding, "If you want to know more you had better go and meet her as she desires."

Then Brereton put the ring in his waistcoat pocket, lit his pipe and read his newspaper in silence. Jim had not the slightest idea whether he meant to go to the mysterious rendezvous or not.

The day wore away. The "Waterwitch" lay like an enchanted boat upon the bosom of the shining waters.

Not a sign of life was to be seen upon her, and all her awnings and curtains were closely folded about her. Jim looked at her very often, but Edgar seemed to have forgotten her existence.

Gay picnic parties in skiffs and steam-launches passed noisily up and down the river all day long, but from the two house-boats nobody stirred all day.

Then came the evening. The pleasure seekers had all gone back to London; the red sun sank below the hill tops, the beautiful river was left in peace to its loveliness and its silence.

Then a crescent moon rose in pale silver glory in the darkening sky, the stars crept out one by one, faint lines of gold glittered upon the stream and all nature was enveloped in the witchery of a still and breezeless midsummer night.

Edgar Brereton cast aside his pipe, rose slowly to his feet, unfastened the dingey, and without a single word to his friend and partner, rowed himself swiftly away towards the Islet of the Swans.

The branches of the willows bent low over the stream, a boat lay motionless in the shadow, and a streak of silver moonshine shot through the branches and fell upon the shadowy form of a woman who sat awaiting.

A white muslin veil enveloped her head and face, a still whiter hand beckoned to him to approach. He drew in close to her boat—in the deep shadow.

He could see nothing of her, only the snow-white veil and the hands that gleamed like water-lilies folded across her breast.

"It is you who sent me that ring?—who wished to meet me?" asked Brereton in a low voice.

"Yes," she murmured back, "it is I."

"What have you to tell me? Tell it me quickly and let it be over; this is a subject I do not care to have re-opened."

"I have to tell you that you have wronged an innocent woman——"

He started, and would have stopped her, but she would not heed his warning gesture.

"You believed her guilty—she was only guilty of pride and anger. The man with whom she left England, was no lover, but the husband of her dearest friend who lay on her death-bed killed by his neglect and cruelty, and who had prayed to see her friend once more before she died. Your letter of cruel accusation reached your wife just after her friend had died in her arms. The miserable husband, within thirty-six hours of her death, blew his brains out in an anguish of remorse."

"Great goodness! can all this be true?" gasped Brereton. "Why did no one know it? If she was innocent why did she not return and vindicate herself?"

'She told no one beforehand because her family had forbidden her to hold communication with the unhappy girl who had disgraced herself by uniting her lot with that of a man so bad that he was unfit for the society of his fellow-creatures. She would not justify herself afterwards, or set herself right in the world's eyes, because she could not conceive that a husband who could believe her capable of so foul a deed, could ever truly have loved her, or ever believe in her truly again. She was very proud and she was very angry—and her pride and her anger were stronger than her love, and kept her silent."

Edgar Brereton trembled in every limb.

"And why do you tell me all this of the wife who has been lost to me for so long?"

"I tell it you, because all her pride and her anger are now dead and withered and only her love remains—her love, and her never-dying unhappiness!"

He drew nearer, he took the white hand, he tore aside the folds of her veil.

"And who are you," he cried with feverish eagerness, "who know so much of her I once loved so well?"

Then the veil fell in a soft cloud from her head to her feet, a gleam of silver moonlight shone full upon her face, and he saw her once again—the love of his life whom he had condemned unheard, and had lost as he believed for ever—who had been foolish, headstrong and angry, but never guilty; never anything save a true and loving wife!

The skiff came slowly from the Islet of the Swans to the house-boats.

There were two people in her now, and the dingey, fastened to her stern, glided empty behind her.

The beautiful lady of the "Waterwitch" lay like a white flower upon the crimson cushions—her face glowing with unspeakable happiness, her radiant eyes fixed in rapture upon the face of the man who sculled her back.

He pulled the boat a few lengths beyond the stern of the "Waterwitch" and then, resting upon his oars, shouted aloud:

"Jim!"

"Hallo!"

"Good-night, don't sit up any longer."

"Why, what on earth is up?" cried Jim, running out in amazement on to the afterswim of the "Esmeralda." There was a ring in his friend's voice he had never heard in it before.

Two laughing voices answered him back.

"Don't be frightened, dear Mr. Norris, he is quite safe and happy," said the lovely lady in white, looking at him with shining eyes.

"There's nothing much the matter, Jim," said his friend laughing too, out of sheer happiness. "Only that I have found out the Mystery of the House-boat sooner than you have—and—and I'm not coming back this evening, for—the fact is—she is my wife. Good-night!"

Madge Marston.

BY S. L.

HOW horrid it is to be poor!" growled Barbara.

"We are not poor," said Madge, with great decision, holding at arm's length the bonnet she was trimming, and surveying it critically, with her head on one side. "We have each other, and mother," with a loving glance at the pale, sweet-looking lady in widow's mourning, who was lying on the little sofa. "And we have enough to live upon. What can you want more, you unreasonable Bab?"

"We have enough, I dare say," answered Bab, gloomily; "but there is a great deal of difference between living at Northgate and having all one wanted, and being poked away in this horrid little, dirty street, with just sufficient to keep life in us, and never going to a concert or—or—anything."

"My dear Bab," said Madge, lifting her bright eyes for a moment from the contemplation of her bonnet, "when I think of the numerous talents which I have used lately, and of whose existence I really had not the faintest idea, I am just thankful that we are what you call poor."

"Madge!" exclaimed the astonished Bab, opening her eyes widely.

"Yes, thankful," went on Madge, with a resolute little nod. "Why, I can turn dresses and trim hats—this is a perfect triumph of millinery, I consider—and cook (you both said that pie we had for dinner was delicious), and keep accounts, and make bargains with the fish-woman, and—and—oh, heaps of things I find I can do now, and I used to be considered fit for nothing but paying calls and playing tennis. I positively shudder when I contemplate the amount of usefulness which would have laid dormant within me if we'd still been living sumptuously at Northgate."

"Humph!" said Bab, as she turned round and peered out of the window at the opposite row of houses, almost invisible through the murky January twilight. "If you mean to go to Mrs. Knox's and be back by tea-time, you'll have to make haste."

"All right, I've just finished," replied Madge snipping off her thread. And then she perched the "triumph of millinery" on her bright hair and turned to Mrs. Marston, with her happy smile. "There now, mother; don't you think that is enough to soften the heart of the most critical governess-hunter in Newcastle?"

"It does look nice, dear," said the gentle mother, as she drew down the bright, resolute face, and kissed it lovingly. 'And we both wish you success; don't we Barbara?"

"Of course, we do—if you call getting a daily-governess's situation a success," replied Bab, somewhat ungracious still.

"You dear little croaker!" cried Madge, merrily. "Good-bye, mother. I'll be back by 5.15 for tea.

* * * * * *

"Congratulate me!" cried Madge, an hour later, bursting into the little parlor in Sycamore Street like a small whirlwind. "I am engaged as daily-governess to Miss Edith Knox, at a salary of $150 a year."

"Only $150!" echoed the gloomy Barbara. "Why, Marion Fawcus has $200."

"Yes; but she has to drag wearily out to Low Fell every day, and I'm sure she must spend twenty-five dollars a-year on fares. Mrs. Knox's is only a quarter of an hour's walk, you know; so I do think I am a lucky girl."

"Does Mrs. Knox seem a nice person?" questioned Mrs. Marston.

"Yes, very. I did not see my pupil. She is very delicate, her mother says, and will not be able to do much in the way of lessons. 'I want someone who will be a companion for her, as much as anything,' Mrs. Knox said, 'and your face tells me you will prove that,' with a polite little bow and smile."

"I hate the idea of you being patronized by anybody," exclaimed Barbara, coming in from the kitchen with the small brown teapot in her hand. "And that little Edith is sure to be a spoilt child, full of whims and fancies."

"Oh! my dear," said Madge, serenely; "I have no pride. I'd bear a great deal more than Mrs. Knox's patronage and a spoilt child's whims for $150 a-year. But, please, do let us begin tea. The toast smells so good, and I am perfectly famished."

* * * * * *

Madge entered upon her duties as governess in less than a week, and very full she found her days then.

Up at daybreak, and often before it, to help Bab in getting the work of the little house well "forward," black-leading the fireplaces in a pair of old gardening-gloves

and a coarse apron, planning the simple little dinners to save Barbara trouble, and always ready, with a cup of tea and a bright, cheery smile, to greet Mrs. Marston on her first awakening.

By 8.15 she must start for Westmoreland Road, and after a long day of humoring and coaxing a petted child, home again to tea in the shabby, cosy little parlor, and an evening spent in sewing or ironing, or preparing some little dainty to tempt her mother's delicate appetite.

Yet through it all her happy, steadfast heart never sank, her merry smile was ever ready.

Mrs. Marston, and even solemn Bab, looked forward all day to the hour that would bring her home, with her cheerful accounts of all that had happened, and her merry, sympathizing comments upon Bab's domestic experiences, which, truth to tell, were not always of the most encouraging.

And at Westmoreland Road, too, Madge's sunshiny disposition was not without its influence.

"Don't you think Edith has looked much better lately, my dear?" questioned Mr. Knox of his wife one evening. "She seems so much more animated, and—and—more lively altogether."

"I'm so glad you think so," said Mrs. Knox, who was rather gushing. "And I'm sure it's all Miss Marston's doing. I knew from the very first she was just the person for Edith—so bright and so cheerful."

"Miss Marston, did you say?" put in Mrs. Knox's brother, Mr. John Ford, who was spending the evening with his sister. He was a young man of social disposition, and preferred her company and that of her somewhat taciturn husband to the dreariness of his bachelor lodgings in a neighboring street.

"Oh, yes. By the way, you'll remember Marston on the Quay, Ford. Made a lot of money in mining specs, and then went all to smash. He died soon after, and left his family in very poor circumstances—very poor circumstances indeed," repeated Mr. Knox, with a soothing recollection of his own good balance at his banker's.

John Ford was silent. He remembered many a pleasant evening spent at Northgate, and thought, with a little pang, of happy Maggie having to earn her daily bread as governess to his fretful little niece. "So bright and so cheerful," his sister had said. Then she was still the same Maggie with whom he had danced and played tennis two years ago, and his conscience reproached him for having lost sight of the widow and orphans of one who had been a good friend to him.

* * * * * *

One wild March evening Maggie emerged from the brilliantly-lighted hall of Mrs. Knox's house, and closed the front door behind her with a slight shiver. Mrs. Knox was out, and she had stayed, as she often did, until Edith was safely into bed. And now a fierce storm of sleety rain, borne upon a biting northeast wind, was sweeping along the almost deserted streets.

"What a night!" she said to herself; "and I have no umbrella. Never mind, I can run home in ten minutes, and the storm will only make the parlor seem more cheerful."

As she turned quickly out of the gate, she almost ran into the arms of a tall man, who, with his umbrella held well down over his face, was just about to enter it.

"I beg your pardon," she cried quickly. "I'm afraid I was not looking where I was going."

"My fault entirely, Miss Marston, I assure you," he said in a voice that seemed quite familiar to Madge. And then, as he raised up the big umbrella and the lamplight shone upon his face, she saw that it was John Ford.

"Why, Mr. Ford, is it really you?" she said, holding out her hand with her frank, ready smile. "It is ages since we heard anything of you."

"I am sorry to have announced my presence in such a forcible way," he said, smiling; "but since I see you are not mortally injured, and it's not a suitable evening for standing conversing in the street, let me offer you the shelter of the offending umbrella as far as your door, and we can talk as we along."

"Thank you," said Madge in her cheerful, resolute tones, "as much for the chance of a talk with an old friend as for the shelter of his umbrella. I don't mind the rain a bit, you know—in fact, it rather brightens one's complexion, I think, and then the fireside at home is always so much cosier on a wet night than a fine one."

"It is a long time since I saw you," said John presently, as they trotted amicably along under the big umbrella. It was not a very original remark, as he was conscious after he had made it, but it was the only one that occurred to him at the moment.

"Yes; not since—since we left Northgate," replied Madge, with a little tremor in her clear voice. "And, oh! Mr. Ford," she went on, raising a pair of eloquent hazel eyes to his face, "you can't think what a comfort it is us that letter was that you sent to mother when poor father died."

"And, indeed, it was true, every word of it," cried the young man, eagerly; "in fact, words can never tell what Mr. Marston did for me, when I came first to Newcastle, a young lad, fresh from the Northumberland moors, with no idea of the temptations of this big, bustling city."

"Your words of trust and sympathy were like new life to mother, when so many were blaming dear father," she said, still speaking rather tremulously. And then, as her indomitable cheerfulness asserted itself, she added, more quickly, "But of course we knew father couldn't do wrong, so it really didn't matter what other people thought."

When they reached the door of the little house in Sycamore Street, John Ford could not resist Madge's invitation to walk in and renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Marston and Bab; and in a very few minutes he was comfortably settled in an arm-chair by the fire in the snug little parlor.

"I am so glad to see you again, John," Mrs. Marston was saying, in her gentle voice. "And so grateful to you for bringing Madge safely home. Now, Madge, dear, do run away and change your dress; you must be soaked.

"And it is so horrid to come in with one's dress all draggled," put in Barbara.

"Now, do you know," said Madge, panting, with the door-handle in her hand, "I can't agree with you there. Sometimes when I come in, I'm too lazy to change my dress, even though I know I ought, and when it's wet, I'm obliged to change it, so you see it really is a very good thing."

And then they heard the fresh young voice singing a merry little ballad as she went upstairs.

Very often during that spring Madge met John Ford on her way home from Westmoreland Road; as often he saw her safely to Sycamore Street, and not unfrequently spent the remainder of the evening in the Marston's parlor.

"Barbara's griddle-cakes are really so delicious," he would say, laughingly, as a half-apology for his frequent visits; and, if he had spoken all that was in his mind, he would have added that Madge's sweet, contented face and merry voice as she sang some of the old Border ballads he loved so well, touching the keys of the old piano tenderly the while, were no less delicious and attractive.

"I really think he does it on purpose, said Madge, meditatively, one evening.

"Who does what on purpose? You are speaking in riddles," said Bab, who had grown much more contented of late, under the influence of one or two concert-tickets as well as Madge's unvarying example.

"John Ford. This is the fourth time I've met him in Westmoreland Road this week, and it can't really be always accidental."

"Of course it isn't, you dear, silly old Maggie," cried Bab, laughingly. "Do you suppose he sends you music and flowers by accident? You'll see what will happen before the summer's out."

And sure enough, one evening when they reached the little gate, instead of going in with her as usual, John laid his hand on Maggie's arm and said—

"Don't go in yet, Maggie, please. I have something to say to you if you'll just turn and walk along this quiet street with me a little way."

Barbara, who was at the window watching for Madge in the fast deepening twilight, turned round to Mrs. Marston in great excitement.

"Madge and John Ford have just come as far as the gate, and then he spoke to her, and they've turned round and gone straight back again, and it's simply raining cats and dogs, and so dark. Get your answer ready for John, mother dear, for I'm sure he'll want it to-night."

"I'm afraid we shall have to let her go," said the mother, with something between a smile and a sigh. "We shall miss our merry Madge sadly, but I believe they love one another truly, and I'd rather see her the wife of John Ford than of anyone else I know."

* * * * *

Half an hour later, Mrs. Marston and John Ford are having their little talk over the parlor fire, and in the bedroom overhead Barbara is unlacing her sister's damp boots.

"What did he say?" she is questioning eagerly.

"A lot sorts of absurd things," says happy Maggie, turning away her blushing face. "He said he always liked me, long ago at Forthgate, but he likes me a thousand times better now, since he's seen me working hard, and always being cheerful, and brave, and happy."

"Go on," says Bab, for Madge's voice has faltered a little.

"And he said—oh, Bab, I hardly like to tell you, it was so ridiculous of him—but he said he knew I was the sunshine of this house, and would I come and be the sunshine of his," and here Madge cannot help shedding a few happy tears.

"Whatever did you do?" queries Bab.

"Do? Why I then just scrubbed my cheek up against his coat-sleeve—it was awfully wet and rough, but I did'nt mind—and said, 'Oh! John,' and do you know Bab," says Madge, pausing suddenly in her energetic wielding of the hair-brush, "he must be far cleverer than I thought, because I never said anything else than Oh! John,' and he knew I meant 'yes.'

Sham Old Masters.—A cynical Paris picture dealer has published a pamphlet on "Sham Old Masters." He says that the commonest mode of counterfeiting an old picture is to cover a new one—painted, of course, for the purpose—with a certain transparent paste, which, when exposed to slight artificial heat, cracks and becomes brown. If a sufficiently ancient tint has not been produced, the canvas is washed with a mixture of lampblack and licorice juice.

The picture is next exposed for some hours to the smoke of a wood fire, and, the loose soot having been brushed away, is rubbed here and there with a rag which has been dipped in very dilute sulphuric acid. This operation gives a mouldy appearance to those parts which have been touched.

The work is finally sprinkled, by means of a tooth brush and a hairpin, with minute spots of a solution of sepia in gum water, to imitate fly specks.

Signatures are imitated by special experts; and one of these experts, who died in 1883, is said to have confessed to the forgery of no less than 11,000 signatures of the Italian masters alone.

"Little Girlie."

BY ROBERTA.

I AM an old man, my race is almost run, and I thank God that it is so. But I would like to tell you before I go, what drink did for me.

When I was twenty-one I was engaged to Minnie Claire, as sweet a lassie as ever lived. "Little Girl" I generally called her, though she was taller than most women, but there was that about her which somehow made one think of her as little.

She had a fair skin with pink cheeks, dark hair, large gray eyes, and the most beautiful mouth in the world, with warm rosy lips and the smallest of white, even teeth.

How she came to love me I don't know, but she did love me, loved me well enough to give her life for mine. Little Girl, Little Girl, would that I had died instead!

We lived in a little town in the north of Pennsylvania, and I had fallen in with a lot of young fellows who went out for a social evening sometimes, and we were all pretty sure to come home the worse for liquor, generally we were just about full enough to make us a little livelier than was our wont. My "Little Girl" had begged me not to have anything to do with them, but I laughed and said:

"When we are married, darling, I will give up all such things, but I must sow my wild oats now."

One day in the early spring, the snow was still on the ground, and all of the boys, myself included, had gone for a sleigh-ride. Of course we stopped at the different taverns and had refreshments, and by the time we got to the place where we had hired the sleigh it was about half-past nine, and we were a pretty tipsy lot, but most of us had sense enough to go home at once.

Dick Ferguson and I were great friends and lived near each other, in a different direction from the rest of them, so we started out together, singing snatches of song along the way.

We had to go past the house where Minnie lived, and just before we got there Dick got angry at something I said, what it was I do not remember, and one word brought on another until both of us were nearly blind with passion, when suddenly Dick pulled out a pistol and aimed it at me.

At that instant a piercing shriek was heard and the next moment I felt a figure thrown upon my breast, and Minnie's voice, in agonized accents, said, "Don't shoot, Dick!" but it was too late!

Dick had fired, and I felt the arms about my neck loosen their hold, and Minnie fell to the ground, her blood staining the pure white snow. I fell on my knees beside her, and lifted her in my arms.

"Little Girl," I moaned, "you are not dead! oh, my darling, speak to me!"

She opened her eyes and looked at me.

"Ray," she said slowly, "I am not dead, dear, but dying; and I want you to promise me that you will never touch liquor again. I have but a few minutes to live, and I cannot die happy unless you promise."

I held her close to me.

"You shall not die!" I said fiercely. "Dick, why do you not go for a doctor?"

"No," she answered; "nothing can save me, and I want to die in peace in your arms, Ray; do not send for anybody. But you have not promised what I asked you; will you not promise, dear?"

There was a look of anguish in her eyes.

"Yes, I promise, darling, that I will never touch the vile stuff again, had it not been for that you would not be lying here now, dying—but no, you must not, you shall not die! God could not be so cruel as to take you from me!"

"Hush, Ray," she said; "God knows best! I am not afraid to die, and you will meet me in heaven, won't you love? But how dark it is! Hold me close, I cannot see you, dear! Kiss me, Ray, my Ray!'

I pressed my lips to hers: suddenly the large eyes opened once more, and she said in a clear voice, "We will meet in heaven, Ray!" and then I held my darling in my arms—dead!

I will not say much of the aftertime, of the anguish of her parents, of the remorse of Dick, who gave himself up to the officers, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but I who was more her murderer than he, had done nothing the law could take hold of, and so I was let go free.

I learned afterward that my "Little Girl's" parents had been called away to see a sick friend and had left Minnie with their maid, who had gone to sleep, and my darling must have heard our voices (raised in anger) and come to see what was the matter.

At first I was like one demented, but after a time I thought of her dying words, "we will meet in heaven," and I know now that we will, for God has been very merciful to me, and has softened my stony heart.

So you see, boys, what drink has done for me, and I hope it will be a warning to you.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Some of the papers announce that Cushing, the Zuni explorer has uncovered a buried city for a distance of three miles. It was evidently destroyed by some mighty upheaval ages ago. There are miles of irrigating canals, streets and houses; while here and there in the ruins of the latter, as in Pompeii, is the skeleton of a hapless inmate whose escapade was cut off. The city is within two hundred miles of the Gulf of California, off a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

A watch dial now being made at the Waltham works has, it is said, instead of the twelve Roman numerals on the dial twelve small silhouette figures. One o'clock is represented by a young woman with a babe in her arms. At 2 o'clock the child is larger; at 3 it is in short clothes, and so goes on until at 6 o'clock the babe is a schoolboy and the woman disappears. At 9 he wears a college gown and mortar board, and at ten he is parting from the woman at her death-bed. At 11 he is middle-aged and at 12 is old and decrepit.

"Holy water" is used for many purposes by pious Catholics. They cross themselves with it on entering or leaving church, it is also employed by many persons to keep the procreator of all evil and ghosts away from their premises. The "holy water" disappeared recently in an extraordinary manner from the fonts of a principal church in Paris, so much so that the parish priest asked for a detective to watch at the doors. A limb of the law in mufti was accordingly placed behind one of the pillars near the porch as soon as the church doors were opened. After an hour a milkman covered with a big blouse entered the edifice. From under the blouse the milkman drew forth several cans half filled with the lacteal commodity with which he was supposed to supply his customers, and ducked them in the fonts. The audacious adulterator was speedily arrested.

Mme. Ristori, the great Italian actress insists upon the necessity of careful "make-up" on the stage. She has given an account of the deliberate manner she made herself up to resemble some of the heroic and historical personages whose parts she acted. When she prepared for the role of Mary Stuart, she would seat herself in front of a looking-glass, with a fine portrait of the Queen of Scots near her, all her boxes of powders and pastes, and brushes systematically arranged on the toilet table, and with minute and delicate care she would copy on her own face all the lines she saw in the Queen's portrait. Her striking "make-up" as Queen Elizabeth was copied from a number of portraits she bought at great expense in England of Queen Bess at different ages. When playing the tragedy she would have all these pictures about her and between the acts she would rapidly copy their variations of age; and thus the spectators saw her grow old before them.

The Portuguese colonists of the Azores Islands off the West coast of Portugal, appear to be remarkably superstitous. In the island of St. Michael, a queer costume is still practiced on the third Sunday in Lent. A procession is organized, and in the procession there is a band of eighteen masked men, whose backs are bare, and who are armed with whips and scourges. The whips are "cats" of twelve leather thongs. The scourges are still more formidable. Each one consists of a ball of hard wax, set with sharp splinters of glass, and attached to a cord. The procession goes to one of the parish churches, the eighteen flagellating themselves on the way; and in the church mass is said while the flagellation continues. "Right and left of the alter," writes the correspondent, "I found the whitewashed wall and the two confessionals dashed and bespattered to a height of four or five feet from the ground with blood." Let us add that the village priest strongly disapproves of this practice. He is, however, powerless to prevent it. The custom has existed for centuries.

A late New York paper says:—"Undertaker Winterbottom appeared Tuesday before the Health Department and presented a bona fide certificate of the death of 'Cosy Bell,' a 10 year old Skye terrier, which had died from heart failure. 'Cosy Bell' was the property of Mrs. D. Bell, a widow living at No. 62 West Thirty eighth street. She called in at the undertaker as soon as 'Cosy Bell' had quit this awful world and purchased a $60 casket to hold its little remains. Prior to that three doctors consulted over live 'Cosy Bell' and did their utmost to save the little one, but all skill failed. The hand of death fell heavily upon 'Cosy Bell.' A reporter called to see the corpse in the afternoon and found Mrs Bell in tears. 'Yes,' she said, 'Cosy Bell is dead; poor Cosy. It was cold, and no more could it look and laugh at its mamma.' At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the last sad services were performed over the remains and poor little Cosy was tenderly laid in the casket. His curly hair was neatly parted and perfumed, and his russet-colored head rested on a pillow of satin. Folds of silk and ribbon were tied across the top of the casket, and after depositing a bunch of white roses the cover was screwed over all that was left o' Cosy. The funeral procession moved up Fifth avenue to the Grand Central depot, where a train was taken to Woodlawn. A plot secured by Mrs. Bell for $250 was open and ready, and into it went the casket and all the remains of Cosy Bell."

Our Young Folks.

LOCKED IN.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

WE children had a rather queer adventure once. It is a good while ago; I was quite a little girl—only seven, and my brothers, Seymour and Johnny, were nine and ten. Of course we should know better now, but we *should* have known better then, for it was really through disobedience that we got into what might have been serious trouble.

It was not the usual time of the year for us to be leaving home to go to the seaside, or to pay visits to any of our relations, but I—Augusta is my real name, but I have always been called Tiny—and I, Tiny, had been rather ill with an exceedingly bad cold, and just then there came a great alarm of scarlet fever in the place where we lived.

The boy's school was broken up because of it; and as if this was not frightening and bothering enough for poor mamma—you really don't know till you try what it is to have two boys at home all day long, with no lessons, and everything unsettled all of a sudden—one morning she was sent nearly out of her wits by hearing that the children next door—the very next—door had got the fever! Mamma went out at once; I did not know until afterwards that she had gone to ask the doctor's advice, and when she came home I saw by the look in her face that she had something to tell us.

"Boys," she said, "boys and Tiny, you must promise me to be very good and sensible. You are going away at once, this very afternoon. Papa has settled it all. He is writing to your grandmother to say we shall all be with her to-morrow, but it is impossible for him and me to leave home to-day; we have so many things to arrange. But on the other hand, we dare not keep you all here till to-morrow. So you three and Carter are to go half-way to-day, and to-morrow papa and I will follow, and pick you up to go on to grandma's."

This was very interesting, though we didn't understand quite what "half-way" meant. I had a sort of vision of our being dropped out of the railway-train and left sitting on a high grassy bank, we three and Carter, all by ourselves, till to-morrow, when papa and mamma would appear in another train, and stop to take us in. I could see their faces smiling and nodding to us out of the railway-carriage window as they came to us! But I hadn't time to ask any questions (when I was little it always took me a good while to ask anything, my thoughts came so much faster than the words to put them in), for while I was hesitating Seymour looked up quickly.

"Half way, mamma," he said, "where is that? Half-way to granny's—what places do we pass going to granny's?"

"There's that big station—Steep—what is it?—Steepleton," said Johnny, who has all his life been clever about geography.

"No," said mamma, "that is scarcely half-way, and we should not like you to stay a night alone in a big town like that. No, papa is telegraphing to Bunmoor, a little country place he has so often stayed at for fishing, and if they have room at the inn he knows there you will very comfortable till to-morrow. Of course I don't like sending you by yourselves even for a night, but it can't be helped. If only old Hopkins had still been with us!" and mamma sighed.

Hopkins had been mamma's own nurse, and she had only left us the year before, because she had really got too old, and we thought, too cross. But dear mamma could not leave off wishing for her, though we didn't. We liked Carter very much better, for she was much younger and prettier and so much more good-natured and easy-going.

"Never mind about that, mamma," said Seymour. "We'll be very happy with Carter."

"And you really will be very good, all of you, won't you?" mamma went on. "I haven't time now to begin reminding each of the particular things you must need reminding of; you must try to remember for yourselves. You and Johnny, Seymour must take care of Tiny, and don't let her do anything which could give her cold, for although the weather is mild, she might get ill again; and Tiny dear, you will be obedient and try to get asleep as soon as you go to bed? Seymour, don't try any of your tricks, my boy!"

"Tricks, mamma," repeated Seymour indignantly; "I don't——

"Well, well, you know what I mean—experiments or explorings, or whatever you call them—wait at least till we are all safe at granny's."

For Seymour was a very imaginative and adventurous boy; he was always the leader in expeditions, and the planner of new games. It was fortunate that Johnny was rather slow and matter-of-fact, so as to keep him back sometimes. As for me, I didn't count much in those days, for the boys made a great pet of me, and I was ready to follow them in everything.

The rest of the day was a great bustle. I don't remember much about it. Papa came in and said he had settled everything. We were to start for Bunmoor at half-past-three, which meant leaving our house at a quarter to, so there was not much time to get ready. And the next thing I remembered distinctly was being in the train and having been asleep, and Carter's voice saying:

"Wake up, Miss Tiny: we're close to."

It was then, I suppose, about six o'clock. When we got to Bunmoor we found a fly awaiting us, for the station wasn't really at Bunmoor, but two miles off, so it seemed rather a long drive. We were very glad, I know, when we felt the wheels rattling over the stones of the little country-town street, when at last we drew up before the door of the "Squirrel."

It was the funniest place you ever saw. The landlady, who remembered papa quite well, came to the door to meet us, and although it was only an old-fashioned country inn, not at all a modern "hotel," it seemed to us children as if it was quite a large house, so rambling were the little passages, so up and down the little stairs leading to the rooms. We were very hungary and we were glad to find that tea was ready.

Soon after tea Carter summoned us to go to bed. So up stairs we set off, along passages, down steps, and then up again, till we felt quite muddled. We had two rooms opening into each other, a smaller one for me alone and a bigger one for the two boys.

I was soon undressed and deposited in bed, but Seymour and Johnny had been amusing themselves while Carter was busy with me, so they weren't nearly ready when we heard a bell ring and a minute or two after, some one came to the door, and said something to Carter about "supper."

"Yes, go to supper," said Seymour. "We don't want you now Tiny's in bed;" and after a little hesitation, Carter went off, saying she'd pop her head in the door when she came upstairs again.

When she had gone the boys came and sat on the edge of my bed and began to talk. I am sorry to say I forgot all about mamma's advice. I was not a bit sleepy; I had slept in the train, and then the day had been exciting.

I sat up, and began pushing off the clothes, which seemed heavier than I was used to.

"It's hot," I said; "and I am so wide awake. I wish Carter hadn't made me go to bed so soon."

Seymour was looking out of the window, which was very near the end of my bed.

"It does look so jolly out in the garden," he said, for there was a nice old-fashioned garden behind the inn. "I say, Johnny, suppose we go for a turn; we're not undressed."

"I wouldn't mind," said Johnny, "but Tiny——"

"Oh," said I, "I can't stay alone. If you go, I'll come too. I can dress again in a minute," and up I jumped. And before we really quite knew what we were doing, there we were, all three of us, running along a passage and down a little stair leading to a back door which we had noticed.

It was open, but it didn't lead straight into the garden! Instead, we found ourselves in a sort of yard, where some old barrels and baskets were lying about.

A door in the wall led out of this yard, and then we did find ourselves in the garden, which we immediately set to work to explore.

It was even more interesting than we had expected, for running down the sloping paths, we found they ended on the banks of a river.

"Oh," said Seymour, "how jolly! If only there was a boat."

"We couldn't go in it if there was," said Johnny, "not alone, any way. I wonder what that sort of summer-house over there is, Seymour?"

Off we scampered to see. It was getting dusk by this time, but not too dark to see our way.

The summer-house was really a boat-house, but as we had never seen one, we did not understand; the lower part was a sort of open shed with water, and up above was a room where they kept the boat cushions, and fishing things, and oars.

A short flight of steps led to this room, and of course up we ran. It was a funny little place, and we began examining its contents, and were very much interested in them, when suddenly we heard steps approaching.

We knew we had no business there, so naturally we felt cowardly. The steps came nearer and nearer; quick as thought, Seymour darted to the door, and shutting it softly, with all his strength turned in the lock the big rusty key, which was somehow, unfortunately, inside.

The footsteps came quite close, came up the little stair, and someone tried the door.

"Locked—well, no matter," said a rough voice, and off went the footsteps again.

"Oh, I say, wasn't that fortunate!" said Seymour, his eyes sparkling. "We should have got a scolding! He's gone now. I think we'd better get out of this and scurry in."

"Well, open the door, then," said Johnny, and Seymour turned to do so.

Easier said than done! He pulled and pushed, and tugged and screwed at that key till he was quite red in the face, but move it wouldn't. Then he and Johnny found a strong piece of stick on the floor, and passing it through the ring of the key handle, set their joint strength to turn it.

"All right," said Seymour, "it's turning."

But oh! what did he look like when in another moment the stick was left loose in their hands, with the ring of the key hanging on it?

The key had broken off! There it was, as fast in the door as ever, the broken end sticking out as if mocking us; for, of course, there was no possibility now of turning the key.

The boys looked about—there was only one little window, too high up to reach, and that evidently was not made to open. The only thing we could do was to shout, and that we did heartily.

Oh, how glad we should have been to hear the steps returning which had frightened us so a short time ago! But nothing—no one—came near us, and soon it got dark, quite dark, and we began to lose hope, as it grew evident that even Carter had not missed us!

Then we began to cry. I was the first, and gradually the boys followed my example.

Poor boys! They were very good to me; they took off their coats and wrapped me up, they were so terrified of my catching cold, and felt about for the boat cushions to make a sort of bed for me.

But what a night it was—so long and dark and chilly! We thought we did not sleep at all; but I suppose we must have done, for I know we were all three startled when a sudden knocking and pushing came to the door, and a voice called out—

"Anyone in here? Answer quick."

"Yes, yes," we shouted. "We're all here. The key's broken; please let us out," and then we heard Carter sobbing, and in another moment the door was burst in, and the poor girl rushed to us, nearly wild with joy.

It was broad daylight outside, almost 8 o'clock in the morning! Carter was so vexed with herself, you see, that she couldn't scold us.

She had put her head in, in the dark, the night before, and hearing nothing, had made sure we were all nicely asleep.

After all, it did us no harm, though poor mamma looked very anxious for some days if I even sneezed.

She was so kind about it that I think it made us sorrier than if she had scolded us, for it all came of disobedience—through my not trying to go to sleep, and Seymour with his "exploring" and meddling with keys, which he had often been warned about.

I almost think that Johnny was the least to blame; but, however that may have been, I can assure you it was a good lesson to us all.

NOT TRUE.

BY M. L. L.

PAT MOORE'S home was next door to Chris Grey's, and great friends the two were, though Chris was eight years old and Pat but six.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore had gone up to spend a few days in town, and Mrs. Grey said she would be glad if Pat might come in each day they were gone, to have tea with Chris.

He came in the first day at 4 o'clock, and when tea was done he and Chris went off to the school-room to play. They did not romp much this time, for Chris had a new book, which had some nice tales in, that she read to Pat, and when she came to the end of one of them they had a long talk. I can't tell you yet what it all meant, but when it was time for Pat to go home she put her hand on his arm, and said, "Mind, Pat, you don't tell your nurse a word of our plans."

The next day Pat went to Mrs. Grey's at 3 o'clock, and, as it was so nice and warm, Chris went out with him to the grounds at once.

The tea-bell rang at five, but they did not seem to hear it, and as they did not come in Mrs. Grey told the maid to go to the hall door and ring it there.

The cook said there had been a queer kind of man round at the back door at 4 o'clock, and strange as the thing was, the thought came to Mrs. Grey's mind that he must have had in some way to do with the loss of Chris and Pat.

The news soon spread through the town of the loss of Chris and Pat, and all who had time to spare and did not need to stay at home went out to join in the search, but for hours this was made in vain.

Mrs. Grey did not know what to do. She did not like to send to tell Mr. and Mrs. Moore and give them a fright, when it might be their child was quite safe, and would soon be found.

Mr. Grey, too, would not be at home till quite late, and she had no one to help her to know what was best to be done.

She could not sit still, but up and down the path she went, too full of grief to weep, and the sun sank down in the sky, and dusk came on.

At last she heard the tramp of feet, and she knew that a small crowd were on their way to the house. She felt so sick with fear and dread of what kind of news they brought with them that she did not seem to care to go down to the gate, but she stood where she was, by the trunk of an old oak tree, to wait for the news.

At last the news came: the soft breeze brought the sound of a voice, and what it told her made her fall as if she were dead at the foot of that tree.

Yes, for a great joy strikes one at times much in the same way as a great grief, for the words that came on the wings of the wind that night were the good news, "They are found, found, found!"

And the crowd came up the path to go to the house; in front of it was the man who found Chris and Pat, and he held their hands and led them on.

As he went by the tree he caught sight of the white dress that Mrs. Grey wore, and stood still.

Chris saw it too, and with a cry of dread she ran and flung herself on the grass by her side. Some of the crowd now came up to help take Mrs. Grey to the house. She was in a faint, but soon came round, and her first glance fell on Chris and Pat.

But such a strange Chris and Pat they were, for their cheeks were now quite brown, and their clothes were full of rents, and great mud spots on them.

It was a strange tale that Chris had told those who found them: how a man had come up to them when they were down at the fowl-house, and caught hold of them, and put a cloth in their mouths so that they could not cry out, and when they had gone on a short way he put some stain first on Chris' face and then on Pat's, and after that he made them walk on a long way, and meant to take them to a van, but he met some one who spoke to him and then he left them.

When Mrs. Grey heard all this she said, "Oh, you poor little mites, what a fright you must have had!" and drew Chris close to her to give her a kiss.

"Oh," said Chris, "it is not true; it was all my fault; I did it for fun. I made Pat's face all brown, and my own too, like a tale I read last night in my new book; then we went to the heath and lost our way, and when I found such a crowd came out to look for us I did not like to tell the truth and I thought, too, you would be cross with us."

It was a great grief to Mrs. Grey to think her child could have made up such a tale, but she saw what shame Chris felt when she told the truth of it to those who had found her and Pat, and brought them to their home.

For a long time Chris could not bear to go out for a walk for the boys in the town would call out such rude things to her. She found out, too, how hard it was for a long time to get her friends to trust her, but I think this shame has done her good, for she now dreads to say a word which is not quite true.

NOT SUCH A HARD BARGAIN.—Not long since a party of young men went to a country town for a few days' fishing. They had a full outfit of "tackle" and "gear," and upon their arrival at their destination stood in need of one thing—bait. After consulting a local adviser, they secured the services of an ancient resident who started out to dig the needed worms.

He was gone three or four hours, but to good purpose, for when he returned he had a bucket even full of a wriggling mass of earthworms. Now this was more than the boys had bargained for, and thoughts of what such an unheard of wealth of bait would cost began to trouble them.

To end their suspense they appointed one of their number spokesman, with plenary powers, but with instructions to make the best bargain possible.

"How much do we owe you?" he asked, approaching the venerable bait digger and taking out his purse.

"Well, I don't rightly know," rejoined the old man; "the ground is rayther solid and the worms is fur down, and it's been hard on my back to dig 'em. But I've half a mind to go fishin' myself to-morrow, and if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square!"

A LESSON IN CLEANLINESS.—The story is told that during the cruise of a United States man-of-war a sailor attempted to throw a quid of tobacco overboard, but his aim was bad and it fell on the deck. The officer of the deck would not allow the sailor to touch it, but ordered the entire crew to rig up a gun tackle.

The gun tackle is a hawser several inches thick, and weighs about 2500 pounds. Being seldom used it was stowed away in the hold and covered up. To get it on deck and rig it up is a long, hard task. But the gun tackle was rigged up, and the officer attached to it a silk thread. He made a loop in the thread, lassoed the quid of tobacco, made it fast, and all hands made a long pull and a strong pull, and the quid of tobacco was hoisted overboard.

Then the gun tackle was taken down and stowed away in the hold. It required 11 hours of hard work to get the quid overboard, and it is the opinion of the officer that no more quids of tobacco will be thrown on the deck of the vessel for some time to come.

WITH the hairpin a woman opens envelopes, fastens her dress, suspends a calendar or picture on the wall, picks her teeth, and cuts apart the leaves of her magazine or book. It becomes on occasion an improvised nut-pick or shoe and glove buttoner; or is as quickly transformed into a hook, scoop or crank. Nor is this a complete catalogue of the manifold uses of the modest hairpin. Necessity is the mother of invention, and so the hairpin becomes the tool of the moment for whatever purpose the fair mechanic wills.

A YOUNG LADY of St. Louis, the daughter of a prominent lawyer, has inherited from her father a beautiful supply of red hair. She intends to profit by nature's liberality and will entertain her friends in a novel manner. All the ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance whose heads can show the desired tinge will be invited to assemble at her house. Pages with auburn hair will attend. Table linen and service will be of the popular color. Carriages drawn by white horses will be at the service of the guests.

AN English editor remarks, apropos of the English aristocracy: "It has been suggested as an argument in favor of the retention of our peerage that it is the means of attracting much American money to England owing to transatlantic heiresses marrying peers. There really is something in this; but the heiresses would be as ready to marry peers were they deprived of their legislative functions, provided they were allowed to retain their titles."

IN GOD WE TRUST.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

In God we trust—His holy hand,
Shall lead us toward the Happy Land,
Where angel cohorts sweetly sing
The praises of our Lord and King.

In God we trust, and safely walk
The paths beset by dangers dark;
His hand sustains, His words uphold,
His loving arms our souls enfold.

In God we trust, and shall we fear
These earthly tempests, tho' severe?
No! He we trust will surely be
Our guide thro' all eternity.

In God we trust—aye, safely trust,
Till Death shall call us, dust to dust;
And then, e'en with one parting sigh,
We'll trust Him ever till we die.

In God we trust, that after death
His love our souls will still enwreath;
For in His mercy we'll have faith,
And praise Him with our latest breath.

PROPHETS BY ACCIDENT.

The ancient prophets—we allude here, of course, only to the profane ones—were wise in their day and generation Most of the prophets of Greece and Rome prophesied as vaguely as possible; with the result that occasionally they were able to proclaim startling successes.

Crœsus, for example, was told by the Pythoness, that, by passing the River Halys, he should bring about the destruction of a great empire. The empire in question turned out to be his own, and not that of his enemy; but the issue greatly increased the Pythoness's reputation; and she deserved that it should do so, for, if she was no prophetess, she was at least a clever woman.

Merlin, the traditional instructor of Arthur, King of Britain, is said to have prophesied that whenever three kings of England should succeed one another in the direct line, great national troubles should arise during the reign of the third.

Edward II. is the only monarch that came to the throne in these circumstances, and the record of his reign is a melancholy verification of the exact truth of the prediction, if it were ever uttered. In 1314 the English were ignominiously defeated at Bannockburn; in 1326 civil war broke out; and in 1327 the king himself was murdered by Roger Mortimer and the queen.

Fabian, the chronicler, relates that King Henry IV. of England also suffered at the hands of the prophets. He had been told that he should die in Jerusalem; and in 1413, being at Westminster, he was suddenly taken ill. Remembering the prediction, he asked where he was, and on being informed that he was in the Jerusalem Chamber, he said, "Loving be the Father of Heaven, for now I know I shall die in this chamber according to the prophecy of me before said that I should die in Jerusalem." The king died on the 20th of March.

The same sort of story is related of several other historical personages; among the rest, of Pope Sylvester II., who died in 1003. He is said to have been an astrologer and magician, and to have made a brazen head which he enabled to pronounce the two words "yes" and "no".

He first asked whether he should ever become Pope, and being answered in the affirmative, put, as a second question, "Shall I die ere I sing Mass in Jerusalem?" The head answered, "No." The ambitious man considered himself to be perfectly safe in Rome; but, unfortunately, he once celebrated Mass in the Church of Jerusalem there, and, falling ill, he remembered the prophecy, and died shortly afterwards.

Several analogous cases, based, probably, on historical legends, are alluded to by Shakspeare—notably one relating to William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk, and another to Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset.

The first was warned to beware of water and of the Tower. On the death of Henry IV. he made all haste to get to France and so avoid imprisonment; but on his passage he was captured by one Walter Whitmore, of the ship 'Nicholas of the Tower," and summarily beheaded.

As for the Duke of Somerset, he had been told by Margery Jourdain, the witch of Eye, that he would be defeated and slain at a castle, but that he would be victorious on the open field. The duke was killed at the first battle of St. Albans, at an inn, the sign of which was a castle; and so the prediction came true.

Cardinal Wolsey had been warned to beware of Kingston; and it was Sir William Kingston who took him to the Abbey of Leicester, where, giving up all hope, he said, "I am come to leave my bones among you."

The ancient Crœsus seems to have greatly trusted in prophets. He was once advised to guard against a mule. Cyrus was meant, he being descended from two different races, the Persians and the Medes; and he it was who overthrew the King of Lydia.

Nero was also a great believer in oracles. He once consulted the Delphian Oracle, and was told that seventy-three might be fatal to him. As it happened, Galba, his successor was seventy-three when he was proclaimed Emperor by the soldiers. But we do not know how many other numbers Nero may have been also warned against.

Michel Nostradamus, the champion quack of the sixteenth century, was a great prophet in his way, and his first attempts were published in a series of almanacs. In 1555 he was summoned by Henry II. to Paris, to give advice about the health and education of the royal princes, and he was afterwards in high favor with Charles IX.

There seems to be no doubt that among his numerous forecasts he predicted the deaths of Henry II. and of Charles I., the Fire of London in 1666, and the victories of Cromwell in Flanders. But it would have gone hard with Nostradamus if half a dozen out of his myriads of wild predictions had not been justified.

THERE is as much danger of hurting the brain by idleness as by overwork. Intellectual power is lessened by the listlessness in which the well-to-do classes generally spend their lives. Under such conditions the brain gradually loses its health, and although equal to the demands of a routine existence, is unable to withstand the strain of sudden emergency. So, when a load of work is unexpectedly thrown on it in its unprepared state, the worst consequences of what may be called overwork show themselves. Similarly, a man accustomed to sedentary pursuits is liable to be physically injured by taking suddenly too violent exercise. So long as a brain-worker is able to sleep well, to eat well, and to take a fair proportion of out door exercise, it may safely be said that it is not necessary to impose any special limit on the actual number of hours which he devotes to his labors. But when what is generally known as worry steps in to complicate matters, when cares connected with family arrangements, or with those numerous personal details which we can seldom escape, intervene, or when the daily occupation of life is in itself a fertile source of anxiety, then we find one or other of these three safeguards broken down.

Grains of Gold.

Anger manages everything badly.

A good word is as soon said as an ill one.

The wisdom of one generation will be folly in the next.

He who is of no use to himself is of no use to any one.

Truth is truth, though from an enemy and spoken in malice.

The pursuit even of the best things ought to be calm and tranquil.

Everything that exceeds the bounds of moderation has an unstable foundation.

Conceit not so high a notion of any as to be bashful and impotent in their presence.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

Gentleman is a term which does not apply to any station, but to the heart and the feelings in every station.

Some philosophers, in seeking for truth, to pay homage to her, have seen their own image and adored it instead.

Forbearance and self-control smooth the road of life, and open many ways which would otherwise remain closed.

The boundary of man is moderation. When once we pass that pale our guardian angel quits his charge of us.

Courtesy of temper, when it is used to veil charitableness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.

The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

Femininities.

Beauty without grace is the hook without the bait.

The latest jeweled trifle for ladies takes the form of a cigarette holder.

The brain women never interest us like the heart women; white roses please less than red.

No woman ever existed who did not experience a shock of horror at the sight of her first wrinkles.

It isn't that women talk more than men; it is only that men do not have so much to say that is valuable.

A little ammonia and borax in the water when washing blankets, keeps them soft and prevents shrinkage.

Never use a brush to silk—it injures the goods. Instead, wipe carefully with the face of a soft piece of velvet.

All a woman has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife and a mother.

A man who is second in command at home wants to rule the whole of creation when he gets outside his yard gate.

To love in order to be loved in return, is man; but to love for the pure sake of loving, is almost the characteristic of an angel.

Scented fans are the fashion in Paris. The framework is made of rose, lemon or sandal wood, which gives out a strong and delicious perfume.

Battledore and shuttlecock, always a graceful and pretty game, the origin of which is traced to royalty a thousand years ago, has been revived in Newport.

"I tell you, Susie, that I will commit suicide if you won't have me!" "Well, Thomas, as soon as you have given me that proof of your affection I will believe that you love me."

A Nebraska sweet girl graduate chose for her graduating essay the subject, "The Possibilities of the Broom." Three weeks later she received and accepted an offer of marriage.

A capital method of administering castor oil to children is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire, break an egg into it and stir up. Then flavor with a little salt, sugar or currant jelly.

If molasses is used to mix the mustard with, mustard plasters will remain flexible and not dry, as when mixed with water. Lay a fine cloth over the plaster, then it will heat without blistering.

"You want a keepsake that will always remind you of me?" she said. "I do, darling," he said, tenderly. "What's the matter with myself?" she whispered. There will be a wedding before long.

The girl who can put a good, square patch on a pair of pantaloons may not be as accomplished as one who can embroider and work green worsted dogs on blue ground, but will be far more useful at the head of a large family.

An inconstant woman is one who is no longer in love; a false woman is one who is already in love with another person; a fickle woman is she who neither knows whom she loves nor whether she loves or not; and the indifferent woman, one who does not love at all.

Reginald: "Elsie, I love you. I—" Elsie, interrupting: "Really, Mr. Regi—" Reginald, interrupting: "Before you finish come out and have some wine jelly, ice cream, cocoanuts, lemonade, fried oysters and a sherbet." Elsie, fondly: "Reginald, I always loved you!"

Louisiana postmaster, who is assisted in his duties by his young bride: "Why, Mary, what are all these postal cards doing here? They should have gone in the last mail!" Young bride, who was a Massachusetts schoolmistress: 'Oh, I have just put them aside until I should have time to correct the spelling!"

In London the International Hygienic Society has begun the erection of two buildings or "kiosks" in a fashionable shopping quarter, for the benefit of wearied women shoppers who have no place to leave their parcels or meet their friends or get a cup of tea during a long shopping bout. The Duke of Westminster has granted the land.

"I think," said the minister, who was visiting a parishioner, "that it is easier to coax children than to drive them. Gentle words are more effective than harsh ones." "I think so, too," said the lady. Then she raised the window and shouted to her boy: "Johnnie, if you don't come in out of that mud puddle I'll break your back."

Young wife: "Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm so sorry Tom brought you home to dinner to-day! If he had told me you were coming I'd have had something nice, and I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat." Mr. Jones: "Now, please, don't say a word about it, my dear madam. You needn't worry yourself a particle. I take most of my meals at home myself."

Here is a bit of vicious talk overheard in a dressing-room recently between two rival belles: "Fred is getting positively gushing," one said to the other. "He called me a flower just before I came upstairs." "You had been sitting against the wall for a long time," was the unamiable response, delivered with much sweetness; "but it wasn't nice of him to allude to it."

At Grand Rapids, Mich., recently, an applicant for a marriage license, misunderstanding the questions put to him, gave the name of his deceased wife as that of the lady he was about to marry. When he showed the license to his prospective bride her consternation was unmistakable, and the crest-fallen groom-elect soon reappeared and had the mistake rectified.

A widow, who keeps a saloon in Sheffield, England, was recently summoned for keeping open her house during prohibited hours, and advanced as a defense the statement that she was being courted, and, having been a widow four years, she thought it hard that she should not have "a little bit of her own way." The Mayor observed that "no doubt she could do as she liked," and dismissed the case.

Masculinities.

Whiting, dry or wet, will give to glass a fine polish.

The road is long from the intention to the completion.

"A good man gone wrong" is usually a bad man found out.

Wine and beer are allowed seamen in all navies except that of the United States.

When you come to think of it, young man, isn't the marriage ceremony miss-leading?

Bathing the eyes when tired or weak in warm salt-water will soothe and strengthen them.

Nobody can give you wiser advice than self; you will never err if you listen to your own suggestions.

Don't drink ice water until you have cooled off, and then wait awhile until the water has warmed up a little.

"You are accused of an attempt to wreck a car; what have you to say in your defense?" "My mother-in-law was inside, Judge."

The man who says he will welcome death as a release from a life made up of sorrow, generally sends for four doctors when he has the colic.

Carbolic acid is recommended for moistening the tools with which metals are worked. The efficienty of the grindstone is said to be greatly increased by this means.

An expert has succeeded in photographing the beating of the heart. Neat present for an absent admirer to send his betrothed—a picture of his palpitation on reading her letter.

A manufacturer has patented a "lover's coat," which fills a long-felt want. This invention consists of a novel attachment which prevents face powder and hair from sticking to the coat collar.

The man who helps to circulate a piece of gossip is as bad as the one who originated it. To put your fist into a tar barrel and then go round shaking hands with everybody is what some people like to do.

Love is like a hunter, who cares not for the game when once caught, which he may have pursued with the most intense and breathless eagerness. Love is strongest in pursuit; friendship in possession.

Ike Lambert, the Alabama desperado, recently arrested for killing three men, once compelled a young lawyer to pick a banjo all night for his amusement, keeping him covered the entire time with a loaded revolver.

Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria has passed his final medical examination, qualifying him to practice as a physician. This is the second member of the Bavarian royal family who has joined the medical profession.

An Augusta, Me., lady went into a bookstore the other day to select a wedding present for a young lady who was about to be married, and after careful consideration she chose the book of religious poems entitled "The Changed Cross."

"Hallo, George! what's your hurry?" George: "Just heard that a friend of mine was married this morning, and I want to get there in time to congratulate him before the honeymoon is over. I know the girl he's married."

"I have been reading so long, Mr. Sampson," she said, as he came up from the gate, "that my eyes are really very tired." "Lay aside your book, Miss Clara," he said, with tender sympathy, "and let your tired eyes rest on me."

Deacon: "I was terribly shocked, my dear, to discover on my way home from church a match game of base ball being played on the large vacant lot near the park." Wife—"Was it that which makes you so very late, Deacon?"

"I can not give you a definite answer to-night, Mr. Paperwate," said the girl, softly: "you must give me a month to think it over." "Very well," was the young man's response, "and in the meantime I can think it over myself."

A handsome profit.—Aunt Emily—"Why do you think you will be a doctor, Bobby, when you grow up?" Bobby—"Because I swallowed a ten cent piece the other day and the doctor charged pa two dollars for curing me. That's a good business."

Somebody offers this as "a good model of the American girl: Height, 5 feet 4½ inches; waist, 22½ inches; length of back, 14 inches; of front, 13½ inches; biceps, 11½ inches, tapering down to 6½ inches. The weight ought not to be over 130 pounds, nor under 125 pounds."

One of the most interesting of the social phenomena that present themselves at this season of the year is the fact that a man starting off on a vacation never misses his train, while the man whose holiday has reached an end is frequently obliged by accident to put off his return.

Commenting on the assertion of a scientist that an ordinary beetle can draw twenty times its own weight, an Idaho paper testifies affirmatively as follows: "We have seen the insect move a woman weighing 165 pounds by simply alighting with his half an inch of her nose."

"What this country wants," said the man who talks politics on the street car, "is men who are not afraid to meet their obligations." Then he noticed that in the crowd the conductor had overtook him, and he dropped off the car a block away from his destination for fear the error would be discovered.

"Be my wife," he implored, "be my wife, my adored one. See! I have had my life insured for $10,000 in your favor," and he flourished the policy in the air. She pondered a moment, then raising her large and lustrous orbs to his, she said: "Before I give you an answer I would like to know the state of your health."

At Grand Rapids, Mich., the other day, an applicant for a marriage license, misunderstanding the questions put to him, gave the name of his deceased wife as that of the lady he was about to marry. When he showed the license to his prospective bride her consternation was unmistakable and the crestfallen groom-elect soon reappeared at the county building and had the mistake rectified.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Jolly Parisiennes," the latest production of the great French novelist, Emile Zola, has just been published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city, and is a romance of decided interest, marked power and sprightliness. Price 75 cents.

"The Man Outside" is a rather sensational novel, with considerable claim to originality, by C. A. Boutelle, one of the rising young novelists of the day. Published by Pollard & Moss, New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The September *Magazine of Art* is an unusually attractive number. The frontispiece is a beautiful photogravure of Courtois' painting, "A Sword Shall Pierce Through Thine Own Soul Also." "Language of Design" is a valuable paper written and illustrated by Walter Crane. F. Mabel Robinson writes on "Art Patrons," taking Hadrian as the subject of her text. A good illustrated paper is on "Art in the Theatre." There is an exhaustive paper on "This Year's Salon," by Claude Phillips, which is illustrated with beautiful reproductions of some of the most notable paintings, a full page being given to "The Waning of Summer." Mr. Ruskin's museum at Sheffield is described. Other articles are "Studies in English Costume," Marc Antonio Raimondi, Engraver," illustrated; a so-called poem by Walt Whitman, called "Twenty Years," and a copious supply of American and foreign art notes. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The Rev. T. F. Thistleton Dyer opens *The Quiver* for September with an interesting "Story of the Spanish Armada." "How Big the Sky Is," is a short paper, and is followed with an instalment of the serial "In Her Own Right." "Out of a Pit" is a thrilling tale told at a Miners' "Class-Meeting." "Hemikranionism" is the striking title of a story by Rev. P. B. Power, which is followed by a paper, "Help to Doubters Through the Faith of Others," by Rev. Boyd Carpenter. "Edith's Green Dress" is a story of self denial. "The Tragedies of Madagascar" is Prof. Blaiki's contribution to the serial "In Perils Oft." "The Boys of the Formidable" is a spirited description of life on a school-ship. The Rev. Tryon Edwards writes of "The Happiest Life." There are other stories, poetry, plenty of pictures, and a good stock of "Short Arrows." Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

GIRLS AND BOYS.—That girls are more precocious than boys is a recognized fact. A girl of ten is far in advance of a boy of the same age, not in absolute learning, perhaps, but in thoughtfulness and care for others, while a young lady of seventeen regards a lad of the same age as a boy to be snubbed on every possible opportunity. Even at the very earliest age girl's intelligence increases at a vastly greater rate than that of boys, and the growth of their body is in proportion to their intelligence.

In the first six months of their life the weight the of brain in girls increases 27.41, 100 representing the total growth between birth and six years of age; while the average boy's brain increases only 23.51 in the same time. In height the girl grows 20.6, the boy only 11.14. These figures, we think, will surprise even mothers—to most of whom it will be new that girls grow almost twice as fast as boys the first six months of their lives.

But it is a singular fact that in the organ of a body which it would be supposed is more developed in women than in men—namely the heart—the rate of growth in boy babies is somewhat greater than in girls, although if it increased in the same proportion as the growth of the body it should be that the weight of the girls' hearts would be double that of the boys.

PERSEVERANCE.—Did you ever know anybody stick to any kind of business, no matter how unpromising, ten years at most, who did not prosper? No one! no matter how bad it might be in the beginning—if he stuck to it earnestly and faithfully, and tried nothing else; no matter how hard he may have found it sometimes to keep his head above water; still, if he persevered, he always came out all right in the long run. A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against, not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than nothing. No man ever worked his voyage in a dead calm. The best wind for everything, in the long run, is a side wind. If it blows aft, how is he to get back? M. S.

A PRETTY, talented girl who has just completed her school course with credit, and by reason of rather special talents has received more attention and admiration than falls to the lot of most girls, was asked the other day how she was enjoying her vacation. "Oh, I am enjoying it very much," she answered. "I'm doing the housework now, and letting mother have a little rest." "Your mother is away on a vacation, then!" was the natural question. "Oh, no, she's at home, but I'm giving her a chance to rest in the morning and to dress up and sit on the piazza when she feels like it. I think it will do her good to have a little change."

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

For delicacy, for purity, and for improvement of the complexion nothing equals Pozzoni's Powder.

THE END OF LIFE.

NOTHING in his life becomes a Neapolitan like the leaving it. He may live on maccaroni and fried fish all the days of his life, kennel himself in a garret near the sky, and clothe himself in more or less picturesque rags; but on that last day, when conger eel and melon will tempt no more, when his tenement is a coffin and his garments a shroud, he will go through to his grave in state.

Come with me down this crowded little street, branching off the Via Roma, with its rows of tempting shops filled with the daintiest of wares, its thronged foot ways, and never-ending traffic of 'busses, carriages, and mule carts laden with huge bottles or narrow casks of wine. Turning a corner, we come to a filthy lane, with houses on either side, of five and six storeys, from the topmost of which, on poles thrust from the windows, hang the family linen of all colors and every degree of approximate whiteness.

Women are chattering to one another from window to window "across the way," a bagpipe player, with his soft round hat stuck on a goat-skin wind bag, is playing a dolefully repentant tune before the little shrine of the Madonna. May it bring him good fortune!

It is Christmas time, and the sweetmeat shops are filled with little images done in sugar, and dainty boxes of preserved fruits and other toothsome and seasonable gifts. But we have no time to linger here, else we should like to go into the little fantoccini theatre, and see the great drama of the Flood done to the life by wooden dolls, or into that old church, with its heavy-padded door screen, where they are tacking wigs on the Magi and new tailing the ass for the spectacle of the Adoration.

We must hurry on till we come to a little shop that has a stranger sight for us than all these.

Look! do not turn aside, though perhaps it is a shock to come on it so suddenly. They have cleared away the fruit and bread from the window, and placed in it instead a dead child.

The pretty little creature, dressed out in all the precious things the poor parents possess, lies in a bed of flowers, waiting to be carried to the grave.

She looks, this little daughter of some seven years, like a lovely doll; her face is waxen white, and in her hand she clasps a tiny bunch of orange flower—a young bride of death.

She will lie there for two or three days, and hundreds of passers by will look on her peaceful face and go hurriedly on, with a softer feeling in their hearts, and a thought of their own little ones at home. From time to time a man or woman turns into the shop and adds a camellia or bunch of violets to the fragrant nest in which she sleeps her sleep of death.

It is a strange custom to expose the dead in this fashion: a very old one, and in matters of such a kind the poor cling to the old ways.

Their fathers and mothers laid out their dead thus, and so, in a few cases, fewer every year, the old custom is observed.

A little distance further on, we see a young girl dictating a letter, say, to her sweetheart. The headdress, and the bright silk kerchief round her neck, make a piton of warm color in the ray of sunlight that had straggled down into this narrow by-way through the lofty rows of enclosing houses.

How the old letter writer at a rickety little table bites the end of his goosequill impatiently as he waits for the next sentiment.

He is impervious to all sentiment himself, and put the most loving wishes into suited but more or less grammatical phrases. What, would you? It is his business.

We turn from the picture of budding life to one of life ended. This was the house of a carpenter and he is to be buried to-day. He is an old man. The child will have a procession in white; this old fellow will have one in flame color. Already half a dozen greasy, garlic-smelling men have commenced to get into their crimson-colored gowns. They robe themselves in the street in the presence of a crowd of boys. One distributes long tapers, and the men thrust their heads into pointed crimson caps with great owl-like orifices through which the wearer looks.

A gaudy, glass-sided hearse, with a immense gold crown on top, and drawn by six draped mules, now comes up. In it is placed a dummy coffin, and the officiating priests take their seats in the vehicle, one at each corner. The genuine coffin is placed in a very elaborately carved and gilded casket, borne on a platform, draped with purple velvet, braided with bullion, and borne on the shoulders of six men. A third coffin—this like the first, being only for show—made of handsome polished wood is slung on scarlet ropes and carried depending from two cross pieces of wood on the shoulders of four men.

The procession is formed. At its head the chief of the mourners in flame-colored robes—Brethren of the Misericordia—bearing aloft a crucifix; then two and two march the strange, goblin-like taper bearers, after whom comes the gorgeous casket blazing in the sunlight; then the hearse and the slung coffin; and following these hobble a long line of decrepit, stumbling old men; with blue capes and glazed hats, bearing in their hands little black banneretes. They are from the Benevolent Asylum, and earn an honest penny by hiring themselves out as poor relations; for the greater their number the more important the funeral and—by a curious fiction—the greater the charity of the deceased.

So the funeral train moves on to the cemetery. Naples is a city of churches; they are scattered here, there and everywhere and as the gaudy procession marches slowly through the street, past San Fernando, and through the fishermen's quartor and sulphur springs of San Lucia, the harsh bells of the churches clang out a death note. The people uncover as the *cortege* passes; and in death the old man receives a token of respect never met with in his life time.

NAVIGATING THE AIR.

THE problem of navigating the air has been discussed from the very earliest times, and grotesque flying machines of various kinds were tried during the Middle Ages with but little success.

The first balloon ascension was made in Paris by de Rozier, October 15, 1783. The bag of the balloon was inflated with heated air. The experiment aroused much interest, and M. Charles, professor of natural philosophy in Paris, undertook a number of experiments with the help of some young men, students in his classes, and on December 1, 1783, made an ascension, even more successful than M. Rozier by using hydrogen gas for purpose of inflation.

Curiously enough, at the same time Messrs. Rittenhouse and Hopkins, of this city were conducting experiments in the same line, and during that month also succeeded in making a balloon, and making an ascension in it.

The plan of these early balloons was no doubt crude, but to M. Charles aeronauts are indebted for several of the most important details in the construction of their air vessels. He invented the valve at the top of the balloon, and the hoop attached to the balloon with netting by which he suspended the car below.

In 1785 occurred the first balloon accident. M. de Rozier was attempting to cross the English channel in a balloon inflated with hydrogen gas when it caught fire, and the car and its two occupants were precipitated 3,000 feet upon the rocks below.

During the same year a successful balloon passage of the Channel was made by M. Blanchard, the first professional aeronaut, and an American traveller.

In 1803, when the balloon first began to be used for the purpose of making scientific explorations of the upper regions of the atmosphere, M. Gay-Lussac used ropes for the first time to stay the balloon, and thus counteracted its rotary motion, which was one of the serious difficulties in handling it.

The balloon has also been used for military purpose as in our late war, and the war between the French and the Prussians. During the seige of Paris regular and successful communication was kept up between the beleaguered city and the world without by these messengers, whose buoyancy enabled them to rise far above the range of the enemy's guns. Over ten tons of letters were sent out of Paris in balloons during the siege.

But though the balloon was thus put to use in various ways, it was manifest to the scientists that it did not and probably never could, completely solve the difficult problem of air navigation. It could not be guided or propelled successfully, and was always at the mercy of every varying current of wind. Those who studied the subject thoroughly became convinced that a successful air ship must be made of a very different shape, and must carry with it its own power.

In 1852, Henri Gifford, a Frenchman made the first cylindrical balloon. It had a car below which carried a steam engine for driving power. It was reasonably successful, but lacked power, as the weight of the engine required a larger balloon to lift it that it could propel.

In 1872 Dupuy de Lome made some successful experiments with an air-ship of similar shape which was propelled by a screw attached to the car, and worked by means of a capstan.

Experiments were also made by Mr. Ritchell at several times between 1871 and 1877 with a cylinder balloon, in which fans were used for power.

In 1878, a German Herr Schroder, made a spindle shaped balloon, driven by a screw, which was worked by an electric engine.

In 1881 Mr. Gaston Tissandier also succeeded in driving a balloon by means of electricity.

But the success thus far in this line has undoubtedly been the air-ship of Captains Reynard and Krebs, with which the ascension was made at Meudon, France, August 9, 1884.

This ship is a cigar-shaped balloon carrying a platform on which the steering and propelling apparatus is placed. The balloon is made of strong silk and covered with a light netting of cords, and is 197 feet long and 39 feet in diameter. To the netting is suspended the platform, 131 feet long and 10 feet broad, on the front of which is fixed the propeller, a screw of light wooden frame-work and air-tight cloth. The rudder is at the rear of platform. The propeller is driven by electricity, generated by a dynamo, which is in turn driven by stored electricity. The first ascension of this ship fully satisfied the most sanguine expectation of its builders. It was driven seven miles and back in the space of forty minutes, and obeyed fully every movement of the rudder.

As to the future of aerial navigation there is good reason to think that some remarkable achievements in this line may be witnessed before the close of the nineteenth century.

THE loss of a beloved connection awakens an interest in heaven before unfelt.

MACHINERY AND MODERN LIFE.—Mechanical invention has effaced the quietude of ancient days from the lives of the people, and by multiplying the processes of material production has brought within the command of the humblest articles and commodities which, during the long centuries when hand labor ruled our industries were beyond the reach of even the highest.

The change has been rapid and marvelous. In little more than a century the world has passed from a semi-pastoral condition of existence to a state of reckless activity and high pressure which is typical of the pantings of the steam and the whirlings of wheels which have on all sides encompassed us.

Such a revolution could not possibly be effected without evil results as well as good, but the balance has clearly been on the side of the better influences, for, much as old-fashioned people, who have not moved with the times, may deprecate the turmoil and excitement of modern mechanical methods, they themselves would not like to relinquish the benefits which it has conferred upon them.

Besides, the more serious disadvantages of the system of production and motion which in the first rush of the steam era were allowed to develope have for the most part been removed, and it is probable that the millions who gain their livelihood amidst the clatter and buzz of looms and spindles, or the flashings of flame and the clangor of hammers, enjoy, all things considered, brighter lives than did the workers in the handicrafts of the olden time.

The terrors which attended the factory system when greedy cotton lords and worsted spinners were uncontrolled in their tyranny, and were allowed to make their fortunes at the cost of human suffering, have long been minimized by legislative interference; in the same way the dangers that once beset these toilers from unprotected machines have been to a great extent guarded against; and, altogether, this large body of workers may be said to have realized as much of the dignity and independence of labor as is consistent with ordinary conditions of industrial service.

Then, apart from these considerations, there are the broader issues involved in the effects which our various mechanical developements have had upon society generally, increasing the avenues of approach from the lower levels of existence to the higher, and giving opportunities which otherwise would have been unknown of winning wealth by skill, ingenuity and energy.

Machinery has caused the old lines of demarcation between class and class, between the multitude and the aristocracy, the many and the few, to merge one in the other, until it is difficult to say where the commercial link begins or ends.

Machinery has converted America into an industrial El Dorado, far richer in prizes for the adventurous and the enterprising than any of the lands of golden dream which proved so great an attraction half a century ago.

KITTY is three years old, and her brother, two years older, is not an angel by several degrees. The other night, after saying her prayers, she said to her mother: "Now, mamma, isn't there something else that I should pray for?" "Yes, Kitty, pray that the Lord will make you a better girl, and George a better boy." Kitty folded her hands and closed her eyes. "And, dear Lord," she whispered, "make Kitty a good little girl and—Amen." "Why, Kitty," expostulated her mother, "that isn't right. You should pray for your brother, too." "I think not, mamma, I know that boy too well."

HIS EXPLANATION OF IT.—"What a triumph for justice!" she exclaimed; "you of course, have heard of the girl who was awarded a prize for an historical essay over a number of University students?"

"Oh, yes," he said; "I've heard of it."

"Well!" she went on proudly, "do you know that the papers are all talking about it?"

And then the brute said, calmly, "The papers wouldn't be all talking about it, you know, if it weren't such an unprecedented thing, and almost certain never to happen again."

A CHARITABLE VIEW—Miss Lulu Japonica—"Rose Bouche was a hateful thing to leave you out of the dinner she gave for Sir Rotten Rowe!"

Miss Charity Ball—"Oh, don't say that! I think she is a very sensible girl!"

Miss Lulu Japonica—"Well, I think its very noble of you to say nice things about her, but—

Miss Charity Ball—"Yes, you see, she naturally wished to be the prettiest girl in the room!"

THERE are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means. Either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each to decide for himself and do that which may happen to be the easier.

LOG CABINS were strongholds of love, contentment, health and happiness. Coon skins were nailed to the door and they were the happy homes of strong, healthy, noble men and women. The simple but effective remedies which carried them to green old age are now reproduced in Warner's "Tippecanoe," and Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and other Log Cabin Remedies.

Humorous.

WHY?

"Come buy! come buy! I have to sell
A precious thing—the magic balm.
'Twill keep the lover's eyes entranced;
Thou'lt be for aye, as now, his charm.

The trusting maiden asked, "What need
For me to buy thy magic balm?
My lover swears with all his heart
I shall forever be his charm."

A year passed on; the young wife sought
The vendor of the magic balm.
"Oh, bring me quickly, sir," she cried,
"A cartload of that magic charm!"

—SOLRAC.

Weather report—Thunder.

Well-handled—The pump.

The dress circle—The belt.

A flat failure—A poor pancake.

A bouncing baby—A rubber doll.

A ship ruled by women—Courtship.

A stabbing case—A dagger's sheath.

A poor relation—A badly told story.

A deep mystery—The bed of the ocean.

Trying times—Going to the dressmaker's.

A dark transaction—A colored wedding.

Important suit—First jacket and trousers.

A ticklish position—That of a fly on a bald head.

A very troublesome young lady—Misunderstood.

The fly is a tall insect. He stands over six feet. Fact.

Proper costume for an elopement—A cutaway jacket.

Seedy party, to bartender: "Gimme a gin fizz." Bartender: "Yes, sir. Do you want it extra fizzy?" Seedy party: "No; extra ginny."

"Too much absorbed in his business," was the comment of a newspaper on the death of a brewer who was found drowned in a tank of his own beer.

People worry themselves ill; they worry themselves insane; they worry themselves to death. This is very foolish; there are lots of other people to worry.

Lady of the house, urging company to eat: "Please help yourselves. Do just as you would in your own house. I am always so glad when my friends are at home."

"You are very late to-night, George," said the girl, half reproachfully. "Yes, dear; "your father's new dog met me at the gate, and I've been trying to make friends with him."

Magistrate, to plaintiff, with lump on his head, "If your wife threw a sad-iron at you, why didn't you dodge?" Plaintiff: "I did, your Honor, and that's how I come to get hit."

Magistrate, to a sharp-looking witness: "What is your business?" Witness. "I am a lawyer." Magistrate: "A lawyer, eh? Well, try to forget it while giving your testimony."

Mr. Caudle: "Doctor, I want you to put up a powerful sedative for my wife. Give me the best specific for insomnia you know of." Doctor: "What's the matter? Can't she sleep?" Mr. Caudle: "Yes, I guess so; but I can't."

Citizen: "Well, deacon, I s'pose the campmeeting was a great success?" Deacon, dubiously: "Well, I dunno. There were 48 converts." "Why, that's glorious!" "Ye-es; but 37 of 'em owe me yet for root beer an' sandwiches."

Young man, to messenger boy: "What did the young lady say when you gave her the flowers?" Messenger boy: "She asked the young fellow who was sittin' on the porch with her if he didn't want some for a buttonhole bouquet."

Street car conductor, to countryman: "If you saw him picking the gentleman's pocket, why didn't you interfere, instead of letting him get away?" Countryman: "I saw that sign up there, 'Beware of Pickpockets,' an', b'gosh, I was afraid to!"

"They are making a door with five key-holes," said Mrs. Augur. "What is the use of so many?" asked Mr. Augur. "It will be much easier to unlock. You can find it much more easily when you come home late," responded the kind lady. "Rubbish!" responded Mr. Augur. "Idiocy! When I come home late one key-hole is about as much as I care to find."

"Great thing, presence of mind," said Greeding; I might have been a rich man to-day, if my presence of mind had not failed me one time." "Indeed! What was that?" asked his friend. "You remember my Uncle George—rich old duffer? You know I am his heir. Well, sir, I was with him one day when he was taken with a fit. I was so frightened that I lost my presence of mind and called in a doctor and Uncle George is living yet."

The carpenters say they don't get enough to pay their board. The shoemakers that it takes their awl to keep them to work, and their sole dependence is on their last job. Tailors have determined to give their customers fits. The hatters have kept ahead. The gas-fitters go for light work. Bakers say they knead more, and don't like to see so many loafers. Butchers have to work at killing prices. The business of the paper-makers bring them to rage.

A certain gentleman had a mother-in law with whom he did not live on very peaceful footing. Finally she died, and the son-in-law a few days afterwards met Jones, who is somewhat of a literary character. "I suppose you have heard of my misfortune?" said the distracted son-in-law. "Yes, I read the sad news." "Well, I want you to give me a nice epitaph for her. Something short." "Yes," replied the friend, "the shorter the better. How would 'At Last' do?"

IDEALS, TRUE AND UNTRUE.

Among the most precious possessions of humanity are its ideals. Whatever of poverty or hardship, of sickness or sorrow, disappointments or adversity, of failure, or weakness or sin may afflict a man, he has still within him the image of something better, nobler, happier, more successful to hope for and to strive after.

To this image, varying though it does with the character and personality of each individual, is society indebted for its continued progress and improvement in manifold directions.

One of the most serious mistakes which is made in this direction, as well as one of the most common, is that of presenting for the aim of everybody the ideal of greatness and eminence.

It is not an uncommon thing to urge boys to put forth their utmost endeavors in the hope of some day becoming great statesmen and filling offices of political importance.

Or they are pointed to the great authors and poets who have instructed and cheered mankind with their thoughts and imaginings; to the great orators who have thrilled their audiences; to the great inventors or musicians or sculptors whom the world delights to honor, or the merchant princes who have accumulated and dispensed millions, or equally rare and exceptional men of genius in other directions, and they are counseled to read their lives and study their methods, not simply to admire and reverence, but to imitate, that they may rise to the same pinnacles on which these men have stood.

The chief reason why such motives should not be presented to the average youth is that they are unsound. It is not even true that most of the young people who are thus addressed can rise to eminence in any direction.

It is not even true that many can. If it were, eminence, ceasing to be exceptional, would lose its meaning.

If all, or most, or many reached the same high position which is thus held out as a lure to all, it would become merely a common level and lose all its distinctiveness. Neither would it be desirable were it possible.

If all were officials, where would be the citizens? If all were architects, where would be the workmen? He whose sole aim is to reach some special height, when he finds that his powers are inadequate, will care but little to climb any further. Besides all this, such elevations are merely artificial.

The few who attain them see before them endless heights still awaiting their ascent.

The true ideal that should fill a man's heart and fire his energies is excellence in his own sphere—the living of his own particular life just as fully and nobly as he (not somebody else) can. True, this is an unknown quantity, but is a real, true, and attainable one.

Eminent men and women in every walk of life are great blessings to the country, and we cannot too highly value or reverence them.

But they are necessarily few, and it is to the large body of the people of average abilities that the country must look, and on whom it must depend for its character and prosperity.

HE COULDN'T PUT UP WITH IT.—"Hallo, Duckley, you're looking up to-day. What's the matter? Made a fortune or something like that, eh?"

"No, sir; I have asserted my manhood and am glorying in it. I've thrown up my situation."

"You don't say so! How was that?"

"Well, sir, the governor made a remark to me which I won't stand from any man and work for him thereafter."

"Gracious! What did he say?"

"He said, 'Your services are no longer required!'"

AT Castagnola, near Lugano, in Switzerland, a woman, aged 36 years, recently gave birth to six children—four boys and two girls. They were born alive, though prematurely, but they all died in a few seconds. Their united weight was only 3 pounds 13 ounces, and the length of their bodies, which were perfectly formed, varied from 8¾ to 10¼ inches. The case, which is said to beat all previous authentic records of human fecundity, is vouched for.

MRS. BUCKNER, wife of the Governor of Kentucky, wears as ornaments a conch-shell lacepin and sleeve-buttons which, in addition to their beauty, have the charm of a romantic history, having been purchased by her relative, General George Washington, from a shipwrecked and destitute sailor and by him worn on the coat in which he was inaugurated. They are beautifully preserved and the coloring is exquisite.

WHEN you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.

Log CABINS have become a thing of the past. From them have come great generals, statesmen, lawyers and divines, equals in every way of those who were born in the purple of European courts. No better remedy for purifying the blood was ever made than Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Try Warner's "Tippecanoe" to-day.

HIS SHARE.—"Oh, yes," remarked Ketchly, in a self-satisfied way, "Lulu and I will start out in married life under very favorable circumstances. Her mother gives us a neat little home, her father furnishes it, and her Uncle de Long has given a carriage and pair. Besides, Lulu has a snug income in her own name."

"What part do you furnish?"

"Well—principally the name—principally the name."

PUT dishes, tumblers and other glass articles into a kettle; cover them entirely with cold water, and put the kettle where it will soon boil. When it has boiled a few minutes, set it aside, covered close. When the water is cold, take out the glass. This process will harden the articles so that they will not be as easily broken.

HE who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.

Wanamaker's.

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The richest, brightest, starlingest of all is French Printed Flannel. "Blazer" stuff. As usual, latest comers are the prettiest. 65c for stripes; 50c for figured stripes.

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Colored Cashmere Shawls, 75c, 90c, $1, $1.

Embroidered Scarfs for a little more.

New Shetland Shawls, 75c, $1, $1.25, $1.50.

A STRONG, NEAT COMFORTABLE BABY CARRIAGE for $9. That's the one for least. Anything cheaper must be mean in some part. Neither you nor we could afford that. The $9 Carriage is handsome and reliable. More fancy work, $10. Special carriages, gay with ribbons and fixings, $12, $14 and $16.50. A Carriage made to your mind, if you will.

All the sorts are where you can see them between winks.

WINDOW SCREENS THAT WILL SIFT OUT EVERY live thing will cost but a trifle. Solid ash frames:
20x31 inches, 45c
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Each screen can be reduced 6 inches or less, as required. Walnut frames, 5c less.

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Saussure receives the most emphatic endorsement of the Institute.

Her qualities of character, her social position, and her five years' experience as Assistant Lady Principal at Vassar College, have won for her success and merited approval in the social training of young ladies.

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Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

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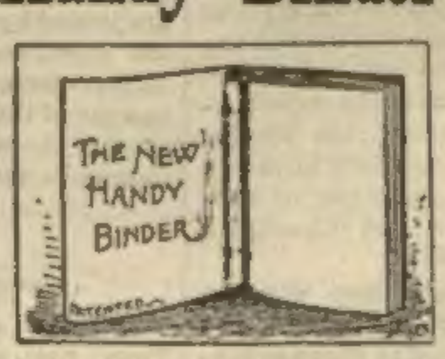

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Latest Fashion Phases.

Now that ladies have become accustomed to wearing high bonnets it is difficult to imagine that they will be induced to accept very readily a sudden change to capotes that scarcely rise a couple of inches above the head. Yet all the leading modistes are showing models of this description, with minute crowns that just cover the top of the head, and brims that are nearly flat in front and extremely narrow at the sides; and as these chapeaux are generally stringless, and do not approach within an inch or more of the ears, it may be imagined how very small they are.

They are made with the crowns of fancy straw and a pleated silk brim, or with a gauze or tulle crown or lace brim, the trimming of a few flowers, or of ribbon or lace, being arranged in front, but almost flat on the shape.

These models are, of course, rather extreme, but they show the way that fashion is tending, and even more moderate bonnets, those that are in general wear, are low in front, and, except for size, which is still as minute as possible, they are free from exaggeration and eccentricity.

The diadem-shaped brim is still more fashionable, especially when formed of jet ornaments on a black lace or tulle capote.

A model of this kind has an edging of gold lace rising above a jet brim, and is trimmed with almond-green ribbon and a bunch of pink rose-buds, and a spray of similar flowers in gold wire. Bows of ribbon are mingled with the flowers, and a separate bow is placed in the centre of the brim, just resting on the hair; the strings are of the same fashionable shade of almond-green ribbon.

In hats, the Tosca shape, with a low flat crown and wide brim turned up from the face, is still very popular, and is largely adopted for seaside wear, although it affords no shelter to the face and eyes.

Some of the new models are in fine straw colored on the outside, but with black straw lining the brim; a very pretty brown straw Tosca hat is trimmed with a drapery of finely pointed lace, with small thistles and pink clover lying in careless bunches amongst the folds of lace.

A more suitable shade for the seaside is a black lace hat with a moderately high crown slanting forward a little, and a wide, straight brim, pressed down at the sides.

The brim is of spotted net, gauged on wire, and bordered with narrow lace, the crown is draped with similar net, ends of the net bordered with lace falling at the back.

In front, on the left side is a drapery of lace, and above this, on the crown and falling over it on the right side, is a bunch of pink roses with their foliage. None of the best models of hats are immoderately high, but many, like the capotes, go to the other extreme, and have the crowns nearly as flat as a plate.

A new style of toque, know as the toque Anglaise, and which is supposed to be the favorite head gear of English girls, is coming into vogue; the crown is of straw, in the shape of an oblong ball, and the brim, covered with velvet, is turned up flat against it in front, and ends in a point at the sides. The only trimming is a little velvet rosette, and small piquet of flowers on one side of the front; it is a useful shape for traveling.

Very plain cloth jackets, not even stitched at the edge, but open over very richly embroidered plastrons, are the newest style of vetement. The jackets are fastened at the throat and waist by tabs cut out in the cloth and bound, the tabs at the waist covering the point of the plastron; the sleeves are ornamented with embroidery to match that of the plastron, and a number of new embroidered fabrics have been introduced specially for this purpose.

Mantles and redingotes of shot silk are also fashionable, and are made with the skirts open at the seams; and as they are generally worn over dresses of muslin, or other light fabrics, elaborately trimmed, the effect is very pretty.

A soft shade of blue-gray, almost the exact color of the flax flower is becoming even more popular than beige, and as the color is equally good in silk and in woolen materials, many charming toilettes are composed of faille and thin cloth in this blue-gray shade.

One of these dresses has a skirt of faille, embroidered with silk and silver round the edge, and ornamented on each side with a narrow panel striped with silver braid in diagonal rows. The cloth draperies consist of a pointed tablier in front and long puffed drapery at the back. The open corsage and added basque are trimmed with silver braid, and the capote is made to match of faille and silver braid.

Another costume, made in the same color, has a silk skirt bordered with three narrow pinked-out flounces, headed by a ruche. The over-skirt is of voile, with the closely woven selvedge forming a border. The voile corsage is finished off with a pleated silk collar, and the voile sleeves terminate in deep pleated silk cuffs; there is no other trimming.

A great many woolen fabrics are now made with these carefully woven selvedges generally in the same color, but sometimes varied by the addition of very narrow stripes or hair lines. They form a better edge for draperies than the most neatly executed hem, and are also much prettier, either for this purpose or for the pleatings and coquilles that ornament the bodice and sleeves, and sometime the sides of the tunic.

A new kind of voile, with bouche stripes is being used for redingotes over pleated skirts of plain voile to match, or of muslin; the revers on the corsage are made of plain voile pleated. The skirt is pleated half way down only, but in very fine pleats, the lower part forming a flounce, and is finished off at the back only with a puffed drapery, closely gathered at the top and mounted on the band, leaving the front and sides of the skirt clear.

Muslin, especially striped muslin is much employed for these skirts, and is very pretty in blue, pale pink, mauve, straw color and red, pale blue and poppy color, and in black and white for half mourning. A full chemisette, corresponding with the muslin skirt, fills in the opening between the front of the redingote, which is invariably finished off with large revers and a wide sash tied like a scarf.

The sleeves are often made short and open, with pleated under-sleeves of muslin. To complete the costume, the head is covered by a wide-brimmed Marveilleuse Recamier white chip hat, trimmed with ribbon and a plume of feathers falling over the front of the hat, and both in the same color as muslin.

Cloth, limousine, and a light make vigogne are the materials greatly employed for traveling dresses, and a little mohair braid is the only trimming used. The costumes are made in the style of tailor-made dresses, that is to say, very plainly, with rows of braid bordering the skirt and tunic. The bodice is usually double-breasted, short at the sides, and with a small point in front, and is trimmed down the front and around the edge with braid, rather narrower than that used for the skirt.

Cloth redingotes worn over a skirt of some other material either pleated or trimmed a little in front, will be very much adopted for traveling. The fronts are generally open from the waist and ornamented with revers of moire; the back is cut like a pointed corsage, and the skirt is gathered and mounted round the point. A woolen cord girdle is tied in front, and the vetement is lined throughout with some kind of soft silk. A hood, or triple pelerine, is generallo added, and this also is lined with silk.

The matinees and other indoor dresses, for morning wear during the hot summer months, are very light in texture, and, in some cases, made in elegant, although on the whole in simple styles.

The skirt is of white voile, with a band of guipure insertion let in above the hem. The jacket is of pink and white broche pekin silk, open in front over a pleated under-bodice of voile. The fronts of the jacket are joined by pink ribbon straps crossed on the chest, and then passed around to the back, where they cross again under the basque of the jacket, and are then brought around the waist to the front, and tied in long ends and loops on the left side.

Odds and Ends.

CONCERNING HASTY DISHES.

Macaroni and tomatoes is thus prepared: Turn half a pound of tomatoes into a saucepan, with a spoonful of stock or a bit of butter; let them cook until tender enough to pass through a small sieve, or colander, then re-heat, season nicely, adding a few drops of lemon juice, or vinegar, and pour over a flat dish, covered over with nicely-boiled macaroni, not the pipe, that answers when it is to be cut into short lengths. Cover the surface with grated cheese and bread-crumbs, put a few bits of butter over, and brown it before the fire or in a sharp oven.

Preserved tomatoes answer for this as well as fresh ones, tomato conserve will do It may be well to point out that "conserve" is simply tomato pulp, while "sauce" is flavored and seasoned. The latter keeps for some time, but a bottle of conserve must be used in a few days, at most, after it is opened.

No one now can object to preserved tomatoes, fruits, etc., on account of the taste of tin, as they may readily be obtained in glass; some firms now put up meat extract and other goods in tins lined with earthenware; indeed, the packing of preserved provisions is now-a-days quite a special feature, and the demand for them increases daily.

All that are in usual contact with tin, such as salmon, lobsters, sardines, should be transferred to an earthen vessel, never left in the tin, and then no harm is likely to result if they have been bought from a good firm, as it is the action of air upon the food in an open tin that works the mischief.

Besides the above-named, shrimps and prawns are very useful for hasty dishes; they are excellent curried, and those who are not *au fait* at making curries will be wise to use curry sauce, sold by all grocers with which a delicious curry may be quickly made.

Savory toasts are invariably appreciated. Many can be obtained if a small jar of potted meat or fish is in the house. They are improved by moistening with gravy or butter, while, for the white kinds, cream or a spoonful of white sauce answers as well or better; the toast should be free from crust and buttered, then spread thickly with the preparation, cut into fingers and made hot in the oven.

Sardine toast is excellent, made from boneless sardines, well-seasoned, and flavored with lemon-juice. The fish should be made hot before laying them on the toast; each fish to be large enough to hold one sardine.

Bombay toast will only suit those who like piquant flavors. To make it, put a tablespoonful of Indian chutnee, and the same of piccalilli, and good gravy, into the stewpan with any cooked meat or fish, cut small, sufficient in quantity to make the mixture of a suitable consistence; as soon as it is hot through, it may be poured on to the toast, and that cut into squares.

With *cheese toast* most people are familiar but those who may have hitherto regarded a few ounces of cold meat as not worth re-serving will do well to make a few experiments in the way of toasts, for after one or two trials many varieties will suggest themselves, and they are now quite a feature of nice dinners.

The mere mention of batter suggests a long list of dainties that can be hastily prepared.

Golden fingers are thick strips of cold beef, dipped into batter and fried brown; these, piled on a hot dish and garnished with parsley, look very appetizing. They can also be made from cold veal, each strip being rolled in a thin slice of boiled ham before coating with the batter. In this case slices of lemon form a suitable garnish. The meat should not be overcooked, hence this is a good way of using up the most under done portions of a joint.

Cavalier broil is very good. A cold shoulder, or half-shoulder of mutton is the thing for the purpose; it should be neatly trimmed, or it will look uninviting, then scored right to the bone, and a mixture of butter and ketchup, or any good store sauce, with salt and pepper rubbed into the cut parts; the meat should be well coated all over with liquified butter, then cook on a gridiron until hot through. Any gravy left behind from the joint should be re-heated, and flavored with vinegar from any nice pickles, some of the latter being cut up and used for garnishing the dish.

Bachelor's broil is similarly made, but curry powder is rubbed into the scored portions, and curry paste used for thickening the gravy and the joint sent to table with a border of boiled rice.

Flaked haddock (dried) is a nice change from the usual ways of serving this popular fish. Choose a fleshy one, and pour boiling water over it, in which it should soak for ten minutes, covered to keep in the steam, then take out the bone, and flake the fish, free from skin. Put a pound, or thereabouts, in a saucepan with half a pint of milk and a seasoning of cayenne, bring it to the boiling point slowly, and let it simmer for ten minutes, then thicken with a little flour and butter, again boil up, and serve on a flat dish; hard-boiled eggs make a suitable garnish. The remains of any kind of previously cooked fish may be served in the same way, but will require the addition of salt, and any sauce may take the place of part of the milk.

SHE: "What a lovely summer afternoon, How resplendent the bright orb of day hangs in the blue vault above!"

HE: "Yaas, nice day for a feller to get his hair cut."

Confidential Correspondents.

MINNIE A.—An illegitimate child belongs to no one but its mother; in law it has no other relations.

ALICE.—Cocoanut oil is certainly not poisonous. It is used largely in confectionery, and also in the manufacture of soap.

X.—An ad valorem duty is a percentage of the value of the goods expressed in moneys a specific duty is so much a pound or yard.

K. L. M.—The Government fees for a patent are $35. The applicant is also required to furnish, at his own cost, a drawing and specification of his invention.

GUSTAVUS OLDFIELD.—The name of Melancthon was an assumed one; the real name of the great reformer was Schwarzerde; he died at Wittenberg in the year 1560.

EDITH.—We know nothing of the firm, but from their address and dealing, we think it would be wise in you, if you had nothing whatever to do with them in any way.

LETTY R.—Black dresses are quite admissible at evening parties; they are somewhat sombre and heavy for bright young girls, but they can be lightened with lace and colored trimming.

L. H. W.—Edward Jenner, an English physician, was the discoverer of vaccination. It was introduced into the United States about the year 1800 by Dr. Waterhouse, of Cambridge, Mass.

EVIL EYES.—The name of the mother of David is not mentioned in the Bible; she is supposed to have been first married to Nahash. She is mentioned in 25th chapter of the second book of Samuel.

READER.—There is no set form of words in which to accept an invitation to dance; what to say depends entirely on circumstances. If you are inclined to be silent a bow of acquiescence is sufficient.

DARBY AND JOAN.—There is no impropriety in a husband dancing with his wife at a ball at the seaside or elsewhere, but it is not very often that a gentleman is so polite to his better half as to select her for a partner.

HOPELESS.—We should advise you to try and forget all about the young man as soon as possible; you had better break with him now, than marry him and find him fickle afterwards, as he would most like be.

CHURCHYARD.—Almost every cemetery has its own rules. If you have purchased your piece of ground you can do what you please with it, unless you propose something that is contrary to the regulations of the place.

LOYAL HEART.—If you are absolutely engaged to the gentleman, you have a perfect right to ask him what he means by his neglect; if it is only an acquaintance, you can only let it drop. A man who grows cold in absence is barely worth thinking about.

FINGER.—Hold the hand above the head. You will, for the time, stop the circulation of the blood and drain your finger, the flesh of which can, therefore, be compressed to occupy a less space than in its normal condition, thus allowing the ring to be taken off with ease.

KATE D.—An alias and an alibi are two very different things. The literal meaning of the word alias is otherwise; it is used in English to express a false name. Alibi means elsewhere, and to prove an alibi in a court of justice is to show that a person was at another place than the one stated at the time spoken of.

SALLIE W.—You should never cut your nails into a pointed shape. There are many reasons against this; and by encouraging the growth at the side of the nail you are inviting it to grow in. You should rather cut a crescent-shaped piece out of the top of the nail, which induces the fresh growth to take place away from the sides and towards the centre.

LASSIE.—You can do nothing but let your conduct prove that there is no truth in any of the allegations made against you. Such paltry mischief is not uncommon with rejected sweethearts, but if there is no ground for it, it will soon die a natural death, and you will forget all about it. If the young man you say you are fond of is influenced by the affair, he is hardly worth having.

BROMPTON.—There is a great deal of meaning in the way in which people shake hands, and character may be read from it in a great measure. The hand has been described by a clever writer as "the index of the brain." Without going quite so far as that, it is certain that a person's temperament and habit of body, together with a great deal of mental capacity as well, may be gathered from the grasp of the hand.

ROSE.—1. It is not wise for girls to marry before they are twenty, unless some very exceptional circumstances seem to make it advisable. 2. A girl should never, under any circumstances, marry a man who cannot refrain from drink; better live alone all your life than be a drunkard's wife. If you fancy yourself in love with a man who drinks, break it off before it is too late; there will be no happiness in the future for you.

SHIRLEY.—Unless your memory is defective from physical causes, it is quite possible to improve it by an effort of will. A seemingly defective memory is very often nothing but carelessness. Make up your mind to cure yourself, and you will have gone a long way towards it; begin with small things, and you will conquer the fault in time. There are books published on the subject, and lectures often given, but the matter rests with yourself, all the so-called aids to memory are only confusing if you do not set yourself with a will to whatever you undertake.

RUTH.—There is no special difference in most denominations between "funeral service" and "burial service." The words are generally used interchangeably. In the Catholic faith, there are distinctions, we believe, in rules given in the formularies, but they are not observed except in the cases of the higher dignitaries. The word "funeral" comes from the Latin word "funus," meaning exactly the same thing. It has no relation to the word or idea of "flame." The Latin word for smoke is "fumus," from the similarity of which with the other, the suggestion of smoke or "flame" may have come to you.